BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895. NO. 44

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.00, 11.00 A. M., 2.00, 7.00 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 11.00 A. M., 3 30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 6.00, 7.45, 9.00, 12 00 A. M., 5 00, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.40, 6.10 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8 00 A. M. and eaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Change of Time.

In effect Saturday, June 1st, 1 95:

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia week-days, 7, 7.45, 10 and 11.45 a. m.; 2, 4 and 5 15 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, Sundays 8 05 and 10.30 a. m.; 1 30, 4 and 5 1 p. m.

Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, week-days, 7 45, 10 and 11 30 a. m.; 2, 4.30 and 6 p. m.

Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, Sundays, 8 30 and 11.00 a. m., 2, 5.00 and 8 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Trenton, week-days, 8 45 and 11 45 a. m., and 5.05 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Trenton, Sundays, 10 25 a. m., 1.30 and 5.20 p. m.

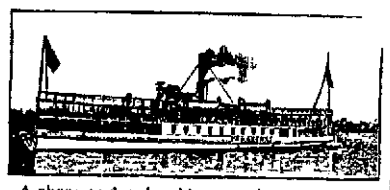
Leaves Trenton for Bristol, week-days, 6 50 and 10 25 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

Leaves Trenton for Bristol, Sundays, 6 45 a. m., 12.15 and 3.45 p. m.

Excursion to Philadelphia, 40c.
Single fare to Philadelphia, 25c.
Excursion to Trenton, 25c.
Single fare to Trenton, 15c.

July 4th, same time as Sunday.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.



A cheap and enjoyable excursion every day, including Sundays.

Steamer Pokanoket

on and after Sunday, June 9th, 1895, will leave Bristol at 8 45 a. m. for Philadelphia and Lincoln Park. Arrive at Philadelphia about 10 15 a. m., arrive at Lincoln Park about 11.30. Returning, leave Lincoln Park at 2.30 p. m.—giving three hours on the grounds. Will leave Philadelphia for Bristol, Florence, White Hill and Trenton at 4 p. m. from Walnut Street wharf. Fare to Philadelphia, 25c. Excursion, 40c. Bristol to Lincoln Park and return 50c.

The 10 30 trip from Philadelphia to Bordentown and return will be discontinued from the above date.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m.
SUNDAYS—Leaves Bristol for Phila., 9 30 a. m. Leaves Phila. for Bristol, 6 30 p. m.
Boats land in Philadelphia at Walnut Street.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46 5 35, 6 30, 6.51, 7.21, 7 41, *8.12, 8 28, *9 14, 9 51, *10.26 A. M. 12 05, 12.55, *1.17, *3 03, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.09, 8 30, 9 27, *11 03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8 11, 9.00, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5 43, *7 21, 8.00, 8.50, 9 28, *11 03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12 01, *3 20, 6 07, 6 28, *6 50, 7 34, *8 14 8 30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01, 12 50, 1 50, 2 43, 3.02, *3 02, 4.00, *5 00, 5.02, 5.32, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9 17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12 01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11.15 A. M., 2.00, *5 20, 5 53, *6 20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10 00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—The GAZETTE is for sale at Jones' News Agency, next to the post-office.

—James Blanche is adding another story to his house on Buckley street.

—The boats all did a good business on the Delaware on Decoration Day.

—Children's Day will be appropriately observed in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—The ordinance of baptism will be administered at the Baptist Church, on Sunday evening.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office. June 6th, 1895: Mary H. Finney, H. L Harland, Miss Bessie Henry, Adam Hyde —2.

—John Lewis, the eight year old son of William Lewis, residing on Pine street, fell into the canal at Harkins' wharf last Sunday and was drowned.

—A change of time in the arrival and departure of the boats of the Upper Delaware River Transportation Company went into effect on Saturday last.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay

—The annual congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held last Monday evening. The same trustees were re-elected. The report of the Treasurer showed that the church was in good financial condition.

—A particularly good haul was made on Sunday night, when Matt. Jones, of Bristol, caught in his shad net the biggest sturgeon of the season. The fish weighed over three hundred pounds and was eight feet long. It took four men to land it.

—The two tramps who had a bloody fight with Officer McAllister at South Bristol, in April last, had their trial on Tuesday, were found guilty and were sentenced by Judge Yerkes to three years separate and solitary confinement at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary.

—The commencement exercises of Miss Vankirk's Kindergarten School for training teachers was held at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on last Monday evening. There were over fifty graduates who received diplomas, among whom was Miss Edith L. Jones of this borough.

—The Whelen Home of Bristol gets $50,000, and Mrs. Thomas J. Dolan, of Philadelphia, is that much poorer, by reason of the refusal of that lady to obey the wishes of her grand-father, Edward S. Whelen, who strongly objected to her marriage, and so stated in a codicil to his will.

Found Drowned.

On Tuesday morning some boatmen found the body of a woman floating in the canal just above the Stackhouse bridge. The body was identified by Mr. Fred King's little girl as Anna McKay, who had been boarding at their house at the corner of Dorrance and Pond streets, for about a year.

On Monday night at 9.30 Miss McKay bid them all good-bye, saying that she was going to leave the next day for Bradford, Conn., to work as a weaver in a silk and plush mill. She had her railroad ticket, and her trunks were also checked for that point showing that she expected to leave early in the morning. Heretofore she was employed in Steel's mill, of Bristol.

She was an inmate of the Episcopal hospital, of Philadelphia, for a month, suffering from an internal trouble and left th. t institution against the consent of the hospital authorities. She came back to Bristol when she suffered a relapse, and on application for a second admission into the hospital was refused. This evidently had discouraged her and the supposition is that she committed suicide. Miss McKay has a [illegible] in England and was a sister of Mrs. John Swales, of Bristol, who is now confined to her bed from the severe shock of the news. Her life was insured in an English company, in which she had been carrying a policy for seven years. She was about forty years old and of a very modest, retiring disposition. She was an attendant of St. Pauls Episcopal Mission of Bristol.

The burial will take place to-morrow afternoon from the residence of her sister, Mrs John Swales.

Personal Mention.

Mr. E. C. Howell and family have removed from Bristol.

Miss Nesbit left Bristol on Monday for Oceanic, N. J.

S. Phillips Landreth is on a business trip to Virginia.

Mrs. Mary G. Corey is visiting relatives at Columbia, Pa.

Miss Louise Swain returned on Tuesday from Lakewood, N. J.

Miss Sarah Reeder, of Frankford, is the guest of Mrs. Sarah Goforth.

Mrs. James S. Fine is spending the summer in the Pocono Mountains.

Miss Eagle, former principal of the Bristol High School, is now matron at the Wheelan Home.

Mr and Mrs. William B Jones, Jr, who have been spending a number of weeks at Rancocas, N. J., have returned to Bristol.

Mr. Joseph R. Grundy sailed yesterday from New York on the new steamer St. Louis to join his mother and sister in France.

James Briggs, of Wakefield, England, a minister of the Society of Friends, and Thomas Davidson of Richland, England, also a prominent friend, are the guests of Morton Walmsley.

A Victim of Quackery.

Mrs Richard E. Shaw, of Los Angeles California, formerly of Bristol, and a sister of Squire William Louderbough, come to her death on the 24th of May last from the effects an overdose of fluid extract of the seeds of colchicum, a poison administered through the ignorance of a self styled doctor, Mme. Soutenier. From copies of the Los Angeles Times we learn that Mme. Soutenier had been practicing medicine illegally not only in that city but also in Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities. As a result of the finding of the Coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Shaw, she has been arrested and will be prosecuted for the crime of manslaughter.

Mrs. Shaw will be remembered by many of the citizens of Bristol. Some years ago with her husband, and in company with a large number of others she went to Kansas. After enduring considerable privations there consequent upon the drought, grass hoppers, potato bugs and cyclones, Mr. and Mrs Shaw finally settled in Los Angeles, Cal., where Mr. Shaw now has a good position as a carpenter on the Southern Pacific railroad.

Death of Nathan Tyler.

At an early hour last Sunday morning Nathan Tyler, one of Bristol's old citizens, died at his residence on Mill street of apoplexy. Mr. Tyler had been a resident of Bristol for nearly 45 years, having come here in 1851. He was born in Haddam, Conn. He was at one time postmaster of Bristol, having received the appointment from General Grant. The funeral services were held on Tuesday morning, and the body was taken to Haddam, Conn., for burial on Wednesday. Mr. Tyler was in his 87th year.

—The Bristol Board of Health has issued the following circular:

The attention of property owners and tenants is called to the following sections of the Rules and Regulations adopted by the Bristol Board of Health on the 3rd day of January, 1894, and approved by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol on the 8th day of January, 1894:

SECTION 32. It shall be the duty of the occupant of every house within the limits of this Borough to cleanse the cellars thereof of all dirt, vegetable and other impure matter calculated to engender disease, and cause them to be thoroughly whitewashed with fresh lime, at least once a year prior to June 15th.

SECTION 33. It shall be the duty of the Health Officer to visit each house in the Borough at least once in every year to inquire into and investigate the sanitary condition thereof.

The Rules and Regulations further provide that any person, firm or corporation violating the above Rule shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars, to be sued for in the name of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol and recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the said Borough for the use of the said corporation.

—Children's Day will be observed at the Baptist Church next Sunday morning. There will be singing and recitations by the members of the Sunday School. The Pastor will preach a Chemical sermon to the children in which he will illustrate by various chemicals, how the sin stained heart can be made clean. All welcome.

Open Air Twilight Service.

The experimental twilight service held under the auspices of the Wesleyan Brotherhood and Epworth League of the M. E. Church, on Sunday evening last, was a decided success, nearly 300 persons being present. The service was held on the lawn between the Public School Building and the Church but the space being inadequate to accommodate the congregation many were compelled to take seats in the Sunday School room, where the exercises could be witnessed through the open windows. A platform had been erected at the rear of the lawn upon which were seated the combined choirs, Wesleyan Brotherhood and Epworth League numbering about 25 voices, the pastor Rev. C. H. Rorer and officers of the Brotherhood and League. The first 15 minutes were devoted to a "service of song," after which prayer was offered by Mr. Edward Barton. Evangelist Smith, of Trenton, N. J., who was expected to be present failed to materialize, so his place was filled by the Rev. Mr. Rorer. For an extemporeanous effort his address was worthy of highest commendation. He very eloquently spoke of the peculiarity of his situation standing as he was, between the two greatest institutions of the land. the public school on the right where the mind is trained in educational matters, the Church on the left where the heart is trained in Godly matters. He also very beautifully referred to the canal and railroad at his back, the one as a representation of the mode and methods of transportation employed by our ancestors, the other the representation of the progress and advancement of the present generation. The river at his front also engaged his attention. He spoke of the ancient indian plying his canoe upon its placid waters and the voyage of Wm. Penn prior to the settlement of our own thriving Borough. After this beautiful preface to his remarks, he entered into a religious discourse which lasted for ten minutes. Mr. Jacob Young, an aged and venerable member of the Church, was next introduced and for a few minutes spoke upon his Christian experience and appealed to the "unsaved" present to enter into and partake of the blessings which were only in the possession of the Children of God. After more singing by the Choir the meeting was brought to a close.

On next Sunday evening the meeting will be addressed by Mr. Ulysses G. Lippincott, of Burlington, N. J., 3rd Vice President of the Epworth League, Trenton District, N. J. If possible he will bring with him the Burlington Epworth League Male Quartette. Should the weather be unfavorable the meeting will be held in the lecture room of the Church

X. Y. Z.

Semi-Annual Meeting of the Christian Endeavor.

The semi-annual meeting of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Bucks county will be held this afternoon and evening in the Presbyterian Church. The following programme of the order of exercises has been prepared:

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.15—Opening Service.
2.30—Address of Welcome.
Rev. Dr. Shields, of Bristol.
2.35—Address in Response.
Rev. J. T. Elms, of Newtown, President of County Union.
2.40—Singing.
2.45—Committee Work.
Lewis S Lee, President of Philadelphia Union
3 10—Singing.
3 15—Address. "Missions."
Dr. Josephine Phelps, of Philadelphia.
3.40—Prayer.
3.45—Singing.
3.50—Address. "Good Citizenship."
A. B. Philputt
4.20—Singing.
4 25—Business.

EVENING SESSION.

7.15—Organ Recital.
7.30—Singing—Praise Service.
7.45—Address.
Rev. H. Moore, of Doylestown.
8.15—Prayer.
8.20—Singing.
8.25—Address. "First-Hand Religion."
W. A. Freemantle, of Frankford.
8.55—Closing Prayer.
9.00—Singing. "Blest Be the Tie."

—Bristol has been favored with plenty of weather during the past week. The mercury for several days was in the 90's, and one day got as high as 97. On Saturday afternoon, a heavy rain accompanied by thunder, lightning and hail occurred. On Monday night a furious rain storm with vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder, accompanied by a high wind did considerable damage in this vicinity by blowing down fruit trees, &c. The lightning struck several houses in the borough, but no serious damage resulted; two houses on Washington street, one on Pond street and one on the upper end of Radcliffe street were struck. In the township a barn, containing 50 tons of hay, on the farm of James Magill, was blown down. The wagon house on James Duff's farm and James Mayberry's barn were also blown down. A large number of fruit trees on the farms of Benjamin Taylor, Caleb Roberts and Mrs. Rue were ruined or damaged. Last night there was also a heavy rain.

Mortuary Record.

There were ten deaths in the borough of Bristol during the month of May from the following causes:

Consumption,	3
Paralysis,	1
Edima of Lungs,	1
Exaustion from Inanition,	1
Laryngitis,	1
Stillborn,	1
Brights Disease,	1
Addisons Disease,	1

During the corresponding month of last year there were 8 deaths.

There were several cases of Scarlet rash this month, but all have fully recovered and the premises properly disinfected.

—General James Dugan, of Bristol, has returned from New Orleans, where he employed attorneys to look after his brother's estate in Buenos Ayres. Senor Miguel Dugan died there recently leaving a fortune estimated at $30,000,000. General Dugan thinks he will get a big share of this great estate. Dugan was a native of Ireland and made his money by raising sheep, cattle and horses.

Digby Bell has some great topical verses for his new song, "What Could the Poor Man do?" which takes the place of "He Can't Do It You Know," in "The Little Tycoon," which Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman are presenting on such a grand scale at the Broad, Philadelphia.

Murder of Daniel McDonald.

Daniel McDonald, of Bristol, aged 69 years, for the last 32 years a boatman on the Delaware and Lehigh canals, was found dead in the cabin of his boat at Mauch Chunk last Saturday evening. McDonald arrived at Mauch Chunk with his boat on the afternoon of Decoration Day and that evening was the last time he was seen alive. He was missed by his fellow-boatmen, but as the cabin of his boat was locked it was thought he had gone away.

On Saturday evening some boys playing on the boats noticed an offensive odor coming from McDonald's cabin and looking down the pipe hole saw his hand and arm on the floor. They at once notified the authorities and when the cabin door was forced open it was discovered that McDonald had been brutally murdered. His head was pounded into a jelly with a hammer, which was found lying at his side, all his money and valuables were taken, and even a new suit of clothes had been stripped from his body. He had just received the money for his frieght on Thursday. He had evidently been dead for two or three days, as decomposition had set in. The Coroner took charge of the body and an undertaker buried it Sunday afternoon.

An inquest was held Monday afternoon and the jury found from the evidence that death was caused by blows inflicted upon the head with a blunt instrument in the hands of some person unknown, but believed to be the man McDonald had employed as a helper on his boat.

District Attorney Fisher, of Carbon county, took prompt action in the case and telegraphed a description of the supposed murderer to all important points; he also had a special meeting of the County Commissioners called to offer a reward for his apprehension and employed several detectives to work on the case.

The first notice of the murder received in in Bristol was telegraphed Sunday morning to Mr. McDonald's son-in-law, Policeman Fallon, who immediately started for Mauch Chunk, arriving there about an hour after the body had been buried. The remains will be taken up in the Fall and removed to Bristol. Officer Fallon attended the inquest Monday afternoon and gave District Attorney Fisher a full description and a picture of the man employed on McDonald's boat and believed to be his slayer.

The name of the alleged murderer is Walter Lee, alias Walter Edwards, alias Walter Gilding, and is supposed to be from Wilkesbarre or Ashley. He is about 24 years of age, about five feet eight inches high, weighs about 140 pounds, sandy hair and complexion, face full of large freckles, a little stoop-shouldered, and has a slight English accent in his speech.

Officer Fallon had a tin-type picture of Lee, It was given to the policeman's little son by Lee in Bristol before going away on the boat. Before engaging as a boatman Lee said he had worked on a farm last Winter near Yardley; later he was driver of a milk wagon in Morrisville, and during the Spring [illegible] Lumberville and boarded at a private house in that village. Turning up in Bristol out of work, Lee was employed by McDonald to work on his boat.

Officer Fallon left Mauch Chunk Monday night and came to Doylestown Tuesday morning to make his return to Court as a Constable of Bristol borough.

Daniel McDonald was a good, quiet citizen of Bristol, and has resided here for the last 30 years. He is survived by his wife and three daughters—Mrs. P. E. Fallon, of Bristol; Mrs. Elizabeth Conroy, of Burlington, and Mrs. T. McGee, of Camden, N. J. His wife is lying very sick at present at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Conroy, at Burlington.

Report of John K. Wildman, President of the Bristol Board of Education, at the Annual Meeting of the School Directors Association.

At the annual meeting of the School Directors'. Association of Bucks County, lately held at Doylestown, the secretaries and presidents of the school boards of the county were requested to furnish brief reports in answer to various questions pertaining to the schools in their respective districts. The following is the report of Mr. John K. Wildman, President of the Bristol School Board:

Our schools have been conducted in a satisfactory manner during the past year. The teachers have been careful and assiduous in their work, and the pupils have been generally attentive to their duties and interested in their studies. The zeal which some of them have shown in the various grades is highly praiseworthy, meriting the promotions that have followed progress. Good order has been specially noticable in our principal schools, and our teachers deserve commendation for their efforts to pursue their calling with efficiency and usefulness.

There may have been weak features here and there, such as usually appertain to the first year's experience of a teacher, but these have not been sufficiently marked to call for serious comment. Our schools may not be any nearer perfection than some others, and while they are not innocent of faults they are crowded with merits.

In answer to the question—"How may they be made still better?"—I can briefly say, in all ways, simply because improvement recognizes no fixed bounds. However good a school may be, it is possible for it to be made still better. Even the best of teachers may honestly acknowledge that they have not reached the extreme limits of the capacity to improve. The character of a school generally reflects the quality of the teacher, but a great deal depends on the obedience and good conduct of the pupils. A few obstreperous boys and girls may quickly upset the beautiful theory about good schools being the product of good teachers. The best schools are those which are blessed with teachers that are capable and pupils that behave well and do well.

Where there is room for improvement in implements to work with, in books, in maps, in various appliances and the addition of new ones, in school furniture, in things without and things within that strike the eye, attract notice, and offend refined taste, it will always be possible to improve a school and make it worthy of pride and admiration.

W. C. T. U.

Mothers meeting of the W. C. T. U., next Wednesday afternoon, June 12th, at 4 p. m.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BASE BALL.

The Bristol team journeyed across the river last Saturday, and administered a crushing defeat to the Jerseymen. Silbert pitched a steady game, but four hits being made off his delivery. In the fifth inning Brady went in to pitch, and also stopped the hitting. Then Captain Booz thought he could do as good, but instead he was touched up for four hits and gave two bases on balls with a total of four runs. In the first half of the seventh inning the game was called on account of rain. The features of the game were the heavy batting of the Bristol team and the battery work of Silbert and Minster. The score:

BRISTOL A. A.

	R	H.	O.	A.	E
W Allen, rf	3	2	7	0	0
Booz, ss	0	0	0	4	1
Carter, lf	3	3	0	0	1
Brady, cf	3	2	0	0	0
Garretson, 2b	3	2	3	0	0
Wm. Allen, 1b	4	2	7	0	0
Minster, c	3	4	6	2	0
Wooters, 3b	1	1	2	3	0
Silbert, p	3	2	0	3	0
Totals,	23	18	18	12	2

BURLINGTON A. A.

	R.	H	O.	A.	E.
Thompson, 1b	2	2	7	0	1
Atkinson, 3b	2	1	2	0	2
E. Brotherton, ss	0	0	0	2	3
McCormick, 2b	0	1	3	2	0
Dickinson, lf	0	0	3	0	1
Horner, p	1	1	0	4	0
Jobes, cf	0	1	0	0	1
Troxell, c	1	1	3	0	1
W. Brotherton, rf	2	1	0	0	0
Totals,	8	8	18	8	9

INNINGS.

Bristol A. A.	2	3	4	8	3	0	3	—23
Burlington A. A.	1	3	0	0	0	4	*	— 8

Earned runs—Bristol 10; Burlington 4. Two-base hits—Thompson. Struck out—by Silbert 3; by Brady 1; by Horner 8. Base on balls—off Silbert 1; off Booz 2, off Horner 4. Wild pitches—Silbert 1; Horner 2. Passed balls—Minster 1, Troxell 2 Time—1.30 Umpire—R. Mitchell.

***

Garretson plays his position well.

Minster played a great game at Burlington.

"Sandy" Allen covers first bag in great shape.

Booz should keep out of the other players' territory.

The home team plays at Florence next Saturday.

Minster and Carter led the batting on Saturday.

[illegible] that he had not forgotten how to twirl.

"Midge" Wooters makes some fine plays at third base.

"Sillie" uses good judgment when men are on bases.

The batting order was changed on Saturday and worked well.

Warner Allen has little to do in right garden, but when they come his way he eats them all.

B. B. C. Notes.

Sundays run will leave club house at 9 a. m., for Fairmount Park, all day run.

There were about 1000 wheelmen at Neshaminy Falls on Decoration Day.

The Victor combination had all its hard luck from West Chester to Paoli on the trip home.

Next run Bristol Bicycle Club on Saturday afternoon 1.30, Ferry boat, to Riverton Bicycle Races.

Only four punctures on the Century and only one which necessitated the rider taking the train to get home.

The Committee who had charge of the supper deserve great credit and praise, as the members who sat down to supper can testify.

The Century Run on Decoration Day to West Chester was very successful, 9 out o 11 men finishing the run. This is the best record of any club this season, considering how warm it was all day.

A proof of the club members picture was shown at the club room last evening and was much admired. Mr. Hay, our Bristol photographer, receiving a vote of thanks for the able manner in which he finished the picture.

The Tri-State Relay Race from New York to Philadelphia takes place on next Saturday; the race will not go through Bristol as first intended, the finish taking place on Riverton track, during the progress of the race meet on that day. S.

Pigeon Shooting Contest.

The shooting contest of the Bristol Gunning Club which was to be held on Decoration Day, came off on Tuesday afternoon, at the club grounds on the State road. There were ten who entered the contest, Arthur Fine making the best score by shooting nine pigeons out of a possible ten. The next best was a tie between Charles Wilson and John Coleman, both getting eight birds.

The shooting was very difficult on account of the grass being so high that the five unknown traps could not be seen, Arthur Fine's shooting was particularly good, getting each bird with a single shot. He will still hold the Wilson Silver Cup won by him on Easter Monday.

The sweep stakes prize was won by Charles Wilson, he being the last one to miss the first bird.

The next contest will be held on the morning of Fourth of July.

—The Pennsylvania Fish Commission will locate a new shad hatchery on the Delaware at Bristol, for which there is an appropriation of $8000. The site choosen is a piece of ground belonging to Walter Laing, for which an annual rental of $150 is to be paid for five years. The spot is said to be well adapted for the work of shad hatching. The ground is high and dry, and the river in front is deep, with a good rock bottom and pure water.

OUR COMRADES AT REST.

BY REV. R. A. ROOK.

An Elegy dedicated to H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73, of Bristol, Pa., and recited by the author as part of his sermon delivered before the Post, Sunday morning, May 26th, 1895, at the First Baptist Church, Bristol.

The smoke and noise of battles fierce,
The cannon's deafening roar;
The moans of dying Comrades,
Thank God, are heard no more.
But a scene more sweet and peaceful
Our little town surrounds
As flowers are spread on the graves
In Bristol's burying grounds.

Ah! Comrades [illegible]
You know the story well,
You stood beside your brothers
When they in battle fell,
So tearfully and thoughtful,
You'll stand beside the mounds,
When Comrades brave are sleeping
In Bristol's burying grounds.

Ah! those weary marchings,
The hunger, thirst and cold
The sacrifice and bloodshed;
The suffering untold.
The war of "Sixty-One"
With all its scenes and sounds
Again will pass before you
In Bristol's burying grounds.

For there God's sweetest flowers
Will, by your loving hand,
Be placed upon the silent tombs
Of the heroes of the land.
Let the hearts of Bristol's people
Show that gratitude abounds
Towards the sleeping heroes
In Bristol's burying grounds.

And, Comrades, do you ever think
E'er long you'll ride o'er death's dark waves,
Then tenderly and lovingly
We'll place the flowers on your graves?
And on the next "Memorial Day"
There'll be an increase in the mounds
Which lovingly you'll decorate
In Bristol's burying grounds.

But when the "taps" have sounded
And the "lights of Camp" are out
And Heaven's Great Commander
With a loud but solemn shout
Shall say "Arise, ye heroes,
As you hear the trumpet's sounds,
Arise from out the tombs
In Bristol's burying grounds."

And when the roll is called
For all Eternity
May every loyal Veteran
Of "Post Number Seventy-Three"
With answers loud and clear
See that Heaven's wall resounds,
And the graves will then be empty
In Bristol's burying grounds.

And, Comrades you'll be happy then—
The scars and broken limbs
You'll find will quickly disappear
Along with all your sins,
Your hearts will then be filled
With joy that knows no bounds
When you see that death is conquered,
And we'll need no burying grounds—

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1895.—This city has had recourse to the old-fashioned remedy for an existing evil, and by a town meeting has sought to arrive at a course of action which will help to check the unnecessary and almost criminal slaughter of our people. The persistent determination of the managers of the trolley railways to provide rapid transit upon the surface of the public highways has resulted in the death of 105 persons. There should be a personal responsibility on the part of these managers whowhipped their trolley ordinances through Councils in the face of the expressed opposition of the citizens and in spite of the veto of the Mayor. There never was a more forcible example of the wilful surrender of public rights to private corporations by Councilmen who were chosen to legislate for the people, and all because they seemed to have sold themselves to the trolley lobbyists. While riches derived from increased earnings is flowing into the trolley treasuries the life blood of the citizens is being spilled upon the streets which were dedicated and intended for their use. The death list is simply appalling, and in addition to the fatalities many persons have suffered severe injury.

An old ordinance prohibited the running of cars at a speed faster than seven miles an hour. This was repealed, and a new ordinance, framed solely in the interest of the trolley companies, was passed which practically puts no restraint upon the rate of speed. Under the new ordinance the trolley cars travel twice as fast as the horse cars, running at the rate of 14 miles an hour from square to square.

***

The power of the trolley companies over the Councilmen cannot be said to be acquired wholly by bribery. Just as soon as a man is elected to Councils he is beset by a raft of men claiming to belong to his political party who demand work, and the Councilman finds himself put in the position of an employment agent. To keep these idle men from deserting his party he must find employment for them, and to accomplish this end he must keep the good graces of the trolley companies. By giving employment to the Councilman's friends the trolley companies place the Councilman under obligations to them, and therefore when their lobbyists tell the city legislators to vote for or against a measure the votes are cast accordingly. If this practice can be overcome a long stride will be taken in freeing Councilmen from the influence of corporations whose interests, as a rule, are directly opposite to the interests of the citizens.

***

Next week will witness a gathering in this city of representative newspaper men from all parts of the United States to attend the annual meeting of the International League of Press Clubs. The visitors will be royally entertained by a reception at the Union League, by a banquet in the magnificent apartments of the Mercantile Club, by drives in the Park, excursions on the river, visits to historical buildings and important industries, and by a trip to Atlantic City. The Trades League will help to show the delegates that Philadelphia is abreast of the times, and the impressions made ought to go far toward removing the disposition of news paper paragraphers to guy Philadelphia about its slowness.

Provost C. C. Harrison, who has just given $500,000 to the University of Pennsylvania, making $1,000,000 received within a week, obtained his vast wealth as a sugar manufacturer, having been one of the proprietors of the Franklin Refinery, which sold out to the Sugar Trust at a good round sum. His wife is a descendant of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution.

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Last week the Knights Templar had a great demonstration at Reading, and there were probably a thousand Philadelphians in that thrifty town. When one beholds a lot of men trudging through the streets wearing white feathers and carrying swords that will never be used except for display, the whole thing seems like mockery to the casual spectator. But who are these men who do acts which seem absurd to the uninitiated? Looking over the roll one can pick out some of the best and most useful men in the State. The chief man in the parade at Reading was Congressman Wanger of Norristown, and he was not the sole national legislator in the throng. [illegible] head of the procession with the police force, wearing his full Templar uniform. State Senators and Representatives were of the crowd, and men high in municipal affairs and business circles from all parts of the State esteemed it an honor to wear the red cross and carry the sword. There was a remarkably large attendance of elderly men, and in this respect the Knights Templar parades differ much from the military branches of other organizations. Ex-Mayor Stuart, District-Attorney Graham, Superintendent of Police Linden, Captain Malin, ex-Magistrates Milligan, Pole and Durham, James H. Windrim, ex-Governor Pattison, and a host of other prominent men are Knights Templar. Even that highly honored General and Governor, John F. Hartranft, who so despised fuss and feathers that he kept the National Guard in the plainest kind of uniforms, was a Knight. There must be something in the Order, therefore, beyond the outward display which the public is permitted to see, and a strong bond of fellowship exists, binding men to each other and to the principles of the Order, which only those who have taken the vows can comprehend.

***

In the audience at the sound money meeting, held at the Academy of Music recently, were a great many working men. The mill workers feel that they were badly fooled by the tariff reformers in the campaign of 1892, and they do not propose to be misled now by the advocates of free silver or the fiat money cranks. They went to the Academy in large numbers to hear the able speakers and gain knowledge that they may be able to reason for themselves and cast their votes right. The silver question is likely to be one of the most important issues of next year's campaign. F. D. M.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Summer Excursion Route Book.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published its annual Summer Excursion Route Book This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is designed to provide the public with short descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the routes for reaching them and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

Its 210 pages are inclosed in a handsome and striking cover, in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine halftone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and elsewhere.

Any doubt as to where the Summer should be passed will be dispelled after a careful examination of the contents of this publication.

On and after June 1 it may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.

—An entomologist states that destructive parasites, which begin hatching when the thermometer rises above seventy degrees, multiply with such rapidity that if they be not killed by frosts, after the first warm weather of May, it would be impossible to raise fruit. After all, Mother Nature seems to know her own business best; but she would better please fruit growers if she were to temper the heat and cold so that it would neither develop destructive insects nor damage the fruit crop.

—The steamboat Pokanoket will on and after the 9th inst. make but one trip a day each way. A new feature is the extension of her trips to the delightful resort below Philadelphia, Lincoln Park. The Pokanoket will leave Bristol at 8.45 a. m. and arrive at the Park about 11.30 a. m., excursion tickets to Lincoln Park cost only fifty cents.

—Last years receipts from the income tax in England were $78,000,000. The figures will be increased this year through profits on handling United States bonds under a Democratic Administration.

Coal—A Special Offer.

I am now prepared to deliver to my customers in lots of one ton or more, the Old Company's Lehigh, and brought to my wharf by our own Bristol boatmen, direct from Mauch Chunk. This is not Packer and Wyoming coal that was published at such off prices, but is just what I tell you, and is one of the best coals ever produced in the Lehigh region—delivered and put in by the most careful and obliging drivers for $4.70 a ton. This being a superior coal, it should not be rated with some other coals, and can scarcely be handled at this price, unless on a very large tonnage. WALTER F. LEEDOM, No. 529 Bath St., Bristol.

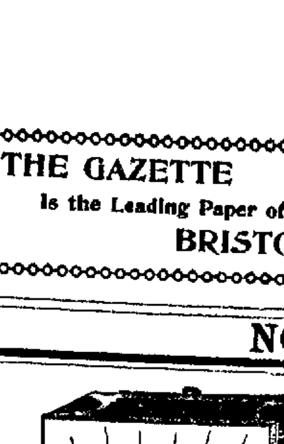
Board Wanted.

A young lady wishes board for the summer. Private family consisting of few persons preferred. Address,
H. E. W., Trenton, N. J.

Say, Boy, what time does that eight o'clock train leave? I dunno—'bout sixty minutes past seven I b'lieve. Why don't you git a Rand-McNally Guide?

Get

Your Pictures and Certificates framed, at city prices, at the Ark, 31 Mill street.



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Eight Beautiful Pictures Free.

We want names and addresses, and are willing to pay for them, and to anyone sending their own name and address and that of two other friends, and enclosing same to us with seven 2c stamps for expense wrapping, etc., we will send eight beautiful engravings, superbly executed in colors, and genuine Works of Art, without any advertising upon them, all charges prepaid, and also a sample package of our beautiful Ivoryfoam preparation for cleansing, beautifying and preserving the teeth. The best and sweetest perfumed dentifrice before the public. This offer is made solely for the purpose of securing new names to whom we can introduce our toilet preparations. Send at once, as stock of pictures are limited. Address Ivoryfoam Toilet Co., 723 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Geraniums, $1 a Dozen.

Your choice of 1500 plants, all the new varieties. Hanging basket and vase plants at 50c a dozen. Palms, Wracenas, Maiden Hair Ferns, Hydrangeas, Begonias, Abutilons, Impatience, Heliotrope, Scarlet Sage, Ivy Geraniums, Fuschias, Verbenas, Nasturtiums, Sweet Alyssum, Phlox, etc. Much larger and better stock than ever before. You can select what you want and have the plants delivered at your door. Why buy of out of town florists when you can keep your money in circulation at home and profit by it. Fine collection of hardy monthly blooming Roses. See our Pansy Geraniums—the prettiest thing out.

HARRY CHAMBERS' FLOWER STORE, 228 Market Street.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 [illegible] various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Are You Going?

The tickets to Denver, Col., and return for the meeting of the National Educational Association will be on sale July 3rd, 4th and 5th at rate of one standard fare, with two dollars added, for the round trip. Teachers and others that intend taking advantage of the low rates can have sleeping car reservation made in advance and get full information as to cost of side trips to the principal points of interest throughout Colorado and Utah.

Reduced rates by addressing John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, Williamsport, Pa.

A Hunting Trip

Is as important to many a man as a meal of victuals. Where to go nowadays is not an easy matter for many to determine. A little book called "Natural Game Preserves of North America," just published by the Northern Pacific Railroad will aid you in this. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., four cents in stamps and he will send it.

Coal Down to Rock-Bottom Prices.

Having purchased a large quantity of the best Lehigh Coal I am now prepared to sell at the following reduced rates, viz:—one ton order $4.60; five ton order at $4.50 per ton; ten ton order at $4.40 per ton, cash. This coal is guaranteed to be the best Lehigh coal.

WILLIAM E. DORON, Corner Radcliffe and Market streets.

Wanted.

Lady representative. Genteel and lucrative position for lady of refinement to act as Agent for Palm Christi Hair and Toilet preparations. Most perfect articles known to science. Liberal inducements and exclusive territory. Address Palm Christi Co., Philadelphia Branch, 924 Chestnut Street.

Oregon Fruit Lands

Still maintain their reputation as the finest of their kind. Let me send you some pamphlets bearing on the subject. You may want a home in that mild, balmy land. Send four cents to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

Wanted.

Workers of either sex who are making less than $3.00 a day to represent us in every Town and County in the State. Big money to the right parties. Address,

ALLUMINUM NOVELTY & CHEMICAL CO., Bristol, Pa.

Mr. B. C. Foster

Invites the public to call at his jewelry store and inquire about the 200 persons who have had their eyes examined and have been successfully fitted with glasses during the past year. An experienced and competent optician will examine eyes free.

The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

Wanted.

Every smoker to send us seven two-cent stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail box of Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Only one box to one address. Address, Landis & Co., Shippensburg, Penn'a

For Sale.

Between 375 and 400 yards of ingrain carpet, nearly new, for sale at a very low figure. Call soon. Great Bargain.

CHARLES H. ANCKER, 214 Mill Street.

Salesmen Wanted

To sell Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Samples free. Salary or commission. Good side line. Address, Landis & Co., Shippensburg, Penn'a.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

A VALUABLE WHALE.

THE BIG FISH THAT FOUND THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

A Retired Sea Captain Tells of Its Capture — What an Imbedded Harpoon Proved—Sorrowful Fate of the Courageous Captain of the Neptune.

Among the old sea dogs that frequent South street is Captain Thomas Barnes. He is famous as a story teller, and from his 50 years' experience on the water he has a rich fund of yarns to draw upon. The captain sailed his last ship some years ago.

"As far back as the middle of the sixteenth century," said the captain the other day, "attempts were made by daring seamen to circumnavigate America. Holland and England eagerly desired a shorter route to India.

"This desire for a shorter route to India, when first felt by the Dutch and English, was the beginning of the era of polar exploration. In 1815 the English offered a reward of $1,000,000 for the discovery of the northwest passage. Later, in the fall of 1859, I was second mate of the Neptune, a stout whaling bark that had been fitted out in San Francisco by her captain and owner for an expedition in search of the northwest passage. We shipped a full crew for the purpose of first making a whaling voyage, and in the following year, after touching at the Sandwich Islands some time in May, pass through Bering strait and face the arctic winter in about 77 degrees northern latitude.

"Not a soul on board the vessel save the captain and his four officers were aware of the ultimate object of our voyage, he explaining his reticence afterward by saying that if he should not succeed in making a name for himself as an arctic explorer, at least no one should know of his failure. Leaving the Golden Gate, the Neptune made her way to the southwest, heading for the sperm whale feeding grounds among the South Sea islands. In four months we had the ship loaded down with sperm oil. We had caught 25 whales, averaging about 100 barrels of oil each.

"Then we sailed northward, and catching the trade winds from the southwest steered a straight course for the Sandwich Islands, discharged our cargo at Honolulu, took on provisions and water and set sail for the Arctic ocean. Rough weather, adverse winds and general discomfort marked our route to Bering strait. From Point Barrow we steered a northwesterly course, past Wrangell and Herald islands, to the north of which we encountered great ice floes. We saw several whales, but they were always to the windward of us, and therefore we didn't bother them.

"One morning a big spout was sighted not more than five miles off our lee bow. The yards were hauled into the wind, all hands called on deck and the boats lowered. We had eight of them, splendid, fast sailing whaleboats, 30 feet long, with big centerboards which enabled them to stand up to almost any kind of a breeze. After a hot chase we got the whale, which was a tremendous fellow, and as soon as we had him alongside the ship the work of cutting him up commenced. One of the men standing on the dead monster's back and cutting through the neck bone with an ax discovered a rusty old harpoon sticking in [illegible] whale. [illegible] in the flesh of the [illegible] often happens that a whale is harpooned and the line has to be cut for some reason. This harpoon was cut out and handed to the captain. Every one of these irons bears the name of the vessel to which it belongs, and it was certainly interesting to know what ship had been after the same whale, the blubber of which was now being hoisted on board the Neptune. A little sandpaper applied to the rusty iron soon disclosed the name. It was Simon Davis.

"'Great heavens,' exclaimed the captain, 'that ship'— But he was too agitated to say more. His knees shook under him, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, though the thermometer showed 25 degrees below zero. He recovered himself quickly, however, and asked me to come to the cabin with him. On arriving there he gasped out:

"'I have found the northwest passage!'

"'The devil you have!' I exclaimed rather disrespectively, thinking that his mind was unbalanced.

"'No devil about it,' he replied. 'Look here,' and he held that twisted harpoon so that I could read the name engraved on it.

"'Simon Davis,' I read aloud. 'What about it?'

"'What about it? That ship has never been in the western arctic ocean. This harpoon struck the whale on the other side, and he has found a passage through the archipelago. The northwest passage exists, and this little piece of iron is the incontrovertible proof of it. There would be only one other way for that whale to get from the eastern into the western arctic ocean, and that is around Cape Horn. That is not possible. He would have to pass the equator twice. An arctic whale would perish before he came within 20 degrees of the line.'

"We knew now that a northwest passage existed. It remained for us to find it. The next day a heavy fog set in and as bad luck would have it we got into a current which drifted us south among a lot of loose ice. It was impossible to see anything half a ship's length ahead, and the current took us along at a five knot rate. Suddenly the lookout on the forecastle yelled out to the man at the wheel: 'Hard aport! Quick, quick, for God's sake!'

"But it was too late. An enormous piece of ground ice lay square in the ship's path and we struck it with our starboard bow. For a moment the vessel quivered like a living thing, then she listed to starboard, going down faster and faster as the water rushed into the great hole in her side. There was no time to save anything. Every man scrambled on to the ice as best he could. The captain was the last to leave the ship. When nothing but a part of the poop deck remained above water, he jumped for the ice, but he sprang short and fell into the sea. At that moment the Neptune gave a sudden lurch and sank out of sight. The vortex caused by the ship's descent drew our gallant captain under and his kind, brave face was never seen again.

"I shall not attempt to describe our sufferings on that piece of ice. For five days not a morsel of food, no sleep and most of us wet to the skin. Forty-five of the men succumbed. We threw them into the sea, poor fellows, as soon as the last breath had fled for fear our gnawing, horrible hunger would make cannibals of us. On the sixth day after the foundering of the Neptune we were picked up by another whaler homeward bound and reached San Francisco without further adventure."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Joys of Cycling.

Walker—I don't see where you follows get much enjoyment out of a bicycle. Just riding there and riding back. I should think it would be rather monotonous.

Wheeler—Don't you think for a minute that it is monotonous. The riding is not half of it. There are tires to mend, ever so many bolts and screws to keep tightened up, and all sorts of things to do with the wheel, to say nothing of the fun of going to the surgeon to get patched up every once in awhile, or the pure joy of running over a small boy or a dog. No fun on a wheel! You are talking through your hat.—Indianapolis Journal.

AN AWESOME ENGLISHMAN.

How He Makes the Teeth of the Tenderfeet Chatter on a Mexican Railway.

The gentleman from the remote hacienda, as we innocently imagined, had just dismounted from the upper berth, armed cap-a-pie, his visiting, Sunday best revolver displaying its mother of pearl handle and its nickeled business end; his spurs were strapped onto his boots, and they jingled as he alighted. A shudder ran through the stalwart frame of the Pullman porter, who had, up to that moment, treated us with the nonchalant hauteur of a Standard Oil magnate.

"Sah," exclaimed the porter, "shine your spurs, sah?"

But the cavalier deigned not to reply, and jangle jingled his way to the smoking compartment, where he patiently awaited the breakfast station, still 1½ hours distant.

"Dese hyah Mexicans is jess holy terrors," remarked the porter sotto voce. "Dey goes to bed ready for a battle or a duel; if we'd gone off de track in de night, that man, sah, would have shot de conductor or me fo' sho'. I'm jess about dead ti'ed of dis job."

The remainder of us began to invent explanations for the presence of the don, who was taking a trip in such warlike guise. Some of us thought he might be a famous bandit, locally known as El Altote, or The Tall One, and our excited and as yet unbreakfasted imaginations pictured the train held up, our pockets rifled of the silver dollars of the Montezumas, and only locally unnegotiable New York drafts left to us as we crossed what old fashioned geographers termed the Great American desert.

The conductor coming in from a consultation with the newsboy, who had provid[illegible] provisional breakfast of jubilee paste, said in reply to our queries regarding the mysterious passenger:

"He's no Mexican. He got on last night about 12. He's manager of an English mining company down the road."

"But his spurs! He wore them all night, and his revolver he had on when he got down from his berth," we breathlessly urged.

"Yes, I know; he always does that to awe the tenderfoot," explained the cynical conductor.

Presently, as if in confirmation of the statement of the conductor, we overheard the bepistoled Britisher saying to the porter: "I dessay, boy, you can make me a cup of tea in the buffet. I'm quite fagged this morning."

The conductor said to us in a few whispers: "He gets off at the next station. He never goes farther. You see he's a younger son, sent over on £5,000 a year to manage a mine. He knows as much about ore as a Pullman porter does of a ship's rigging. When he came over, they gave him a French chef to cook for him at the mine and a violinist to while away his evenings, for he's accustomed to the opera and Paris. It's a daisy job he has, and you just bet your life I'd like to change with him."—Boston Herald.

WALES AT THE PLAY.

The Prince Tries to Avoid Display When at the Theater.

The royal box is booked in the usual way of business and charged to the Marlborough House account. The price is not increased from the library tariff, and the stories about a nominal price or a larger one being paid by royalty only exists in the imagination of the papers who invent such tarradiddles. Sometimes it happens that a box cannot be got at the particular theater decided upon. When this is the case, a polite request is made to the party who has booked the royal box if they could see their way to obliging his royal highness, and the result is, of course, invariably in the affirmative.

When he goes to the theater, it is his earnestly expressed desire to be treated exactly as if he were one of the ordinary audience. Little displays of flowers, bouquets, satin programmes, etc., are all very nice, but the prince does not care for them, and would much rather do without them. Another thing which annoys him is that [illegible] attention to by the anthem or "God Bless the Prince of Wales." As he said on one occasion, "Why must the amusement of every member of this audience be disturbed for my sake?"

Then again you will notice that he waits till the final curtain has descended before rising to leave. This is his invariable rule, so much so that I have known him to sit out the entire harlequinade of a Drury lane pantomime. There are three or four theaters only where he ever breaks the rule. They are those houses which have no royal entrance, and here the prince anticipates the final curtain by two or three minutes, so that his departure will not disturb the carriage traffic of the remainder of the audience.—New York Herald.

Vines and Shady Places.

Among the vines adapted for use in shady locations we have nothing better than the native Clematis flammula, with its profuse clusters of starry white flowers. Indeed, it is one of the finest of climbers. It may not be showy in the sense of colors, but its airy sprays of bloom have a charm for all who love beauty for beauty's sake. I often think if I were required to make a choice among vines, and could have but one, it should be this. It is a rapid grower, entirely hardy, and beautiful at all times. The new white variety, Clematis paniculata grandiflora, has larger flowers with broader petals and is, therefore, more noticeable, but it is not so charming in dainty beauty and graceful habit as the variety spoken of above. Nothing can be finer for use in large vases, in combination with other flowers, than long sprays or branches of this clematis. They trail about the vase and dispose themselves on table, bracket or shelf in the most artistic manner, without any assistance. They cannot be ungraceful.—Demorest's Magazine.

Rosin Soaps.

The practicability of obtaining rosin soaps possessing any required degree of hardness and quite free from water is the claim put forth by Dr. Klimsch of Vienna. He says that in his improved method of manufacturing soap the longer the grinding or kneading or the better the several ingredients of rosin soap are mixed and pressed the less is required of the binding agents, for during the mixing and grinding of the several ingredients a spontaneous heating of the material occurs, which favors the union and enables excellent hard rosin soaps to be produced. The special advantages of Dr. Klimsch's process, as explained by him, include the suppression of every kind of boiling and the customary preparation of liquor; an almost dry, odorless, easy and rapid operation, which has no deleterious effect upon the work people or the vicinity of the works; the possibility of producing on a very large scale cheap white and colored hard rosin soaps of any kind and for any uses, and the easy production of soaps which may be quite free from water, therefore unchangeable during transport and storage, economic in use and effective, dissolving well even in cold water.

Mr. Vaux's Lawn Roller.

The late Richard Vaux of Philadelphia was a believer in progress and had little reverence for antiques as such—his hat to the contrary notwithstanding. A relative told recently how Mr. Vaux received a well preserved section of one of the pillars of the Pantheon at Rome.

It was sent to him by a friend who had some trouble in securing it and considered it an interesting relic. He expected, on his return to America, to find the broken column standing upon the lawn of the Vaux residence, perhaps covered with ivy and looking down the ages rather scornfully at the degenerate civilization of the nineteenth century.

He was horrified to hear, however, that Mr. Vaux, not being in need of a broken pillar just then, had turned it into a lawn roller. It did duty in that capacity for a long time and is still in possession of the family.—New York Sun.

Oliver Goldsmith had strongly marked Celtic features and a lively blue eye that was always merry.

Good Health

And a good appetite go hand in hand. With the loss of appetite, the system cannot long sustain itself. Thus the fortifications of good health are broken down and the system is liable to attacks of disease. It is in such case that the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are clearly shown. Thousands who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla testify to its great merits as a purifier of the blood, its powers to restore and sharpen the appetite and promote a healthy action of the digestive organs. Thus it is, not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story and constitues the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Why not take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Pain in the Side.

"My mother has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and after using one bottle she felt very much better. She has long been in poor health and she is still taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is doing her good. It has also helped my grandmother who takes it for sick headaches and pain in the side." James W. Schaffers, Steinburg, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole; Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mon.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that it claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Weed Seeds, Wind and Snow.

Some interesting investigations have been made at the South Dakota experiment station in the distribution of weed seeds by winter winds. For example, the contents of a snowdrift on plowed land 2 feet square, 8 inches deep and 10 rods from any standing weeds were melted, and 32 weed seeds belonging to nine species were found in it. Other tests confirm the fact that seeds are carried great distances upon the snow. Another test was made by pouring half bushel piles of oats and millet upon the snow crust when the wind was 15 miles an hour. Both millet and oats passed a point 20 rods from where they had been placed in 40 seconds. A 25 mile wind was found to drift wheat grains 80 rods in a minute. Of course, when winds on the plains keep blowing in one direction for days, seeds will travel many miles. The moral of these investigations seems to be that in the great western plains at least bare summer fallowing and matured weeds in waste ground may help to scatter seed during the winter over great areas, and they will be buried in the soil when the snow melts.—Garden and Forest.

Anxious to Suit.

The quick witted conductor and the finical dude were both on a Madison street cable train. The long coated dude was occupying more than his fair share of room, and as the car filled up the conductor undertook to secure room for another passenger.

"Move up there, gent," he said.

But the dude objected to the abbreviated term applied to him.

"I say, I'm no 'gent,'" he protested.

"Move up a little, lady," responded the conductor promptly.

He moved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Risk Too Great.

"I may be young," said the very young man, "but my love for your daughter is as strong and true as if I were whitened by the snows of innumerable winters."

"Oh, I don't doubt your love," replied the stern father, "but have you ever had the measles or the whooping cough? It wouldn't be fair, you know, for us to take you into the family and have to nurse you through those complaints some time or other."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 3, 1895

The fifth summer sale of Muslin Underwear is in progress. Wanamaker's June and January sales of women's underwear and wrappers and infants' goods attract country-wide attention. Each recurring sale brings added interest thro' the larger and more important transactions possible in this growing business—long without a peer in America. We are constantly raising the standard of excellence; leading you to expect more and more of us—and this sale is added proof that we more than meet those expectations. The 500,000 garments ready for this occasion embrace every proper grade and the sale appeals to every woman, no matter how exacting her tastes; no matter how slender her purse. The values are revelations! We have grown to expect followers among the other merchants, but they follow only the borrowed idea—the stock we offer being unmatched by any ever shown in this country. A partial catalogue sent on request.

Half-Wool Challis, 10c

Nobody needs to be told of Challis beauty and Challis goodness—and you wouldn't guess these to be less than pure wool, from their looks; but they are cotton one way—hidden by the richer wool. Standard price 18c. We have gotten lots to sell at 12½c, but now they are 10c.

Black Grenadine, $1

The lowest price on these wanted stuffs has been $1.75, but the importer, anxious to make quick clearance, took a round loss and passed the goods to us. Satin striped camel's-hair Grenadine, three styles of stripe; 44 inches wide, $1. instead of $1.75.

Black Crepon

Dame Fashion never uttered a word that awoke such world-wide echo—Crepon. The demand has been wonderful—it continues. With perfect confidence in the rich wavy stuffs we keep the stock at high-water mark, with only such economies as come from great buying. Wool, mohair, silk, 75c a yard to $4.

Women's Wash Dresses

Not much need of sweltering under the weight of unseasonable garments. No need at all to be dowdy because the day is warm. Hundreds and hundreds of the neatest and prettiest Wash Dresses are ready, with less than ever to pay for them. For instance:

Duck Suits, blazer, cutaway coat, $2; braided, $2 25.

Printed Pique Suits, stripes and checks; cutaway coat with broad facings, $2.50

Duck Dresses, more lavishly trimmed, $3. No matter at what price; you'll find the correct and liberal cut in sleeves and skirt.

Lawn Dresses, tight waist plaited; crushed collar; liberal ruffles; $4. Lace trimmed, $5.

Dimity Dresses, fancy stripes; V front large sleeves with over-cape; silk stitched. $6.50.

White Pique Dresses—blazer, Eton and cutaway, $8.50.

Lawn Mowers

Plenty here again—at the railroad; will be ready for selling to day at 10 o'clock. Customers write to thank us for the excellent machines furnished—one adding that, for the public good, we ought to advertise them at least every-other day. They are high-grade: light running, self-sharpening, to a great degree as is possible, and easily adjusted.

19 inch, $2.25	16 inch, $3 00
12 inch, $2.50	18 inch, $3.25
14 inch, $2.75	

High-wheel Mowers.

14 inch, $6.00	18 inch, $7 00
Pony Mowers, $15.	

And our guarantee into every bargain.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Lincoln Park

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

On the Delaware River, 12 miles below Phila.

Fast Steamers. Amusements of every description. Three grand concerts daily. Fairy-land illumination nightly. Baseball, Picnic and Athletic grounds.

☞ Steamers hourly from Race and Christian Street.

Fare—round trip, 25 cents.

Children under 12 yrs, 10c.

Notice.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO CONTRACT any debts for my account after this day.
May 30, 1895. LEWIS JONES.

Teachers' Examination.

EXAMINATION FOR TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES for Bristol Borough School District will be held in the High School Building, Saturday, June 15th, beginning at 9 o'clock.
MATILDA S. BOOZ,
Supt of Schools.

$350,000

The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company,

PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST MORTGAGE 5 PER CENT. COUPON 30 YEAR

Gold Bonds

In denominations of $1000 and $500. Principal may be registered.

FREE OF ALL TAX.

Interest Payable May 1st and November 1st, in Philadelphia.

TRUSTEE:

The West Philadelphia Title and Trust Co.

THE ABOVE BONDS are secured by a FIRST MORTGAGE upon the entire property of The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Company, covering all the real estate, tracks, franchises and property of every kind and description now belonging to, or which may hereafter be constructed or acquired by The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company.

Conservative estimates, based upon results attained on similar lines, indicate that the net earnings of the Company should be in excess of $40,000. The amount required to meet interest payment is $17,500.

Early application will be made to list the bonds upon the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. Pending the engraving of the bonds interim receipts will be issued, exchangeable for said bonds.

The Charter of the Company, the Ordinances of the City of Philadelphia and the form of mortgage have been examined and approved by George Wharton Pepper, Esq., Ormond Rambo, Esq., and Messrs Morgan & Lewis, Philadelphia. The opinion of these gentleman may be seen at any time.

We offer these bonds at 95 and accrued interest, subject to sale or further advance in price without notice, and recommend them as a safe and desirable investment. Over twenty-five per cent of the total issue has been taken in advance of advertisement and printing of prospectus. Copies of the Mortgage, Ordinances, Prospectus, Maps and Engineers' Report, will be furnished on application at our office.

FRANK F. BELL & CO.

BANKERS,

1414 South Penn Square, (Opposite City Hall),

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
SERRILL DOUGLASS,
Or, MERSHON BROS., Administrator.
Attorneys, 1416 Chestnut St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to
Or M. KATE BAKER,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administratrix.
Attorneys.

THE HARDWARE DEALER.

A MAGAZINE brim full of practical ideas from hardware men. The cream of 1000 brains. 116 pages. Only $1 a year. Sample copy free. D. T. MALLET, Pub., 78 Reade St., New York.

An Ordinance

Making appropriations for the use of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D., 1896.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That the sum of sixteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five (16,785) dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the use of the various departments of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D., 1896, as follows:

For covered gutters and crossings, materials for repairing streets, salary of Street Commissioner, labor and incidental expenses of Committee on Streets and Highways, and for stone pavement as much as can be laid for the money, three thousand eight hundred (3,800) dollars.

For salaries of regular and special police, three thousand three hundred (3,300) dollars.

For contingent expenses of Police Committee, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

For appropriations to Fire Companies, three thousand one hundred and fifty (3,150) dollars, as follows:

Bristol Fire Company, No. 1, four hundred and fifty (450) dollars.
America Hose, Hook and Ladder Co., No. 2, three hundred (300) dollars.
Second Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Third Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Fourth Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Building Association dues No. 1 Company, one hundred and twenty (120) dollars.
Contract for Gamewell fire alarm system, one thousand two hundred and seventy (1,270) dollars.
Fire alarm box on Otter and Linden streets, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.
Salary for Chief of Fire Department, eighty (80) dollars.
Salary for Assistant Chief, forty (40) dollars.
For contingent expenses for Fire Committee, five hundred and ninety (590) dollars.

For lighting streets, three thousand (3,000) dollars.

For collecting garbage, six hundred (600) dollars.

For medical attendance and burial of poor and for temporary relief of same, three hundred (300) dollars. PROVIDED, That no portion of said sum [illegible] properly removed to the County Almshouse.

For maintenance of the Board of Health, five hundred (500) dollars, viz.,

Salaries of Secretary and Health Officer, two hundred and forty (240) dollars.
Extra police service, fifty (50) dollars.
Vaccination, fifty (50) dollars.
Printing and advertising, fifty (50 dollars.
Abating and removing nuisances, one hundred and ten (110) dollars.

PROVIDED, That the said sums, or such part thereof as shall be needed, shall be paid out on orders drawn by the proper officers of the Board of Health, which orders shall state distinctly the items for which they are drawn.

For interest and state tax on Borough loan, four hundred and ten (410) dollars.

For salaries, three hundred (300) dollars, viz:

Town Clerk, two hundred (200) dollars.
Borough Attorney, fifty (50) dollars.
Borough Treasurer, twenty-five (25) dollars.
Keeper of Town Clock, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For printing and advertising, five hundred (500) dollars.

For care of public property, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.

For interest on loan from bank, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For incidentals, one hundred (100) dollars.

For contingent fund, three hundred (300) dollars.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, this 13th day of May, A. D., 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 14th day of May, A. D., 1895.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN,
Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

An Ordinance

To repeal an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of their railways; in respect to the erection and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed."

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of [illegible]

That an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of their Railways; in respect to the erection and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed," and which said Ordinance was duly enacted upon the first day of May A. D. 1893, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 13th day of May A. D. 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 14th day of May A. D. 1895.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN,
Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co

BRISTOL, PA., May 7, 1895.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY M. L. HELLINGS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
JESSE HELLINGS,
Or his Attorney, Executor,
JOHN C. STUCKERT. Dover, Del.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSHUA BURTON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
Or, ANNA M. BURTON,
JOHN C STUCKERT, Executrix.
Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE McGILL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay to
Or, REV. CHAS. J. VANDEGRIFT,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executor.
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN ADAMS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY STRONG, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to
Or, REV. C. J. VANDEGRIFT,
A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.
his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM E. JEFFRIES, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
PHŒBE JEFFRIES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executrix.
Attorneys.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 153 Duane St. N.Y.

NOTICE.

To the Taxpayers of Bucks County.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly, entitled an Act relating to the collection of STATE and COUNTY TAXES in the county of Bucks, approved March 29, 1859, and also for the collection of DOG TAX, the County Treasurer will meet the Taxpayers of said county, at the following times and places, to receive the taxes assessed for the present year, 1895:

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Trappe, Monday, May 20, at S. C. Worthington's hotel.
BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Andalusia, Tuesday, May 21, at L. O. T. Hall's hotel.
BRISTOL TOWNSHIP—Newportville, Wednesday, May 22, at George Boehmler's hotel
HULMEVILLE BOROUGH—Thursday, May 23, at John Johnson's store.
FALLS TOWNSHIP—Fallsington, Friday, May 24, at John Severn's hotel.
TULLYTOWN BOROUGH—Saturday, May 25, at Henry Lovett's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—First Ward, Monday, May 27, at William Fine's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Second Ward, Tuesday, May 28, at Fred King's store.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Third Ward, Wednesday, May 29, at the Closson House.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Fourth Ward, Friday, May 31, at James Blanche's restaurant.
BRISTOL BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP—Saturday, June 1, at William Fine's hotel, Bristol.
MORRISVILLE BOROUGH—Monday, June 3, at John Hellings' hotel.
YARDLEY BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 4, at Aaron Slack's hotel
LOWER MAKEFIELD TOWNSHIP—Edgewood, Wednesday, June 5, at John W. Parker's store.
LANGHORNE MANOR BOROUGH—Thursday, June 6, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
MIDDLETOWN TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 7, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
LANGHORNE BOROUGH—Saturday, June 8, at Louis Steeble's hotel.
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Monday, June 10, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel.
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 11, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel
NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP—Wednesday, June 12, at Wentworth's store.
WRIGHTSTOWN TOWNSHIP—Thursday, June 13, at Edward Tomlinson's hotel.
UPPER MAKEFIELD TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 14, at Anna R Harvey's store.
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Saturday, June 15, at Edward H. Roberts' hotel.
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Monday, June 17, at Edward H. Roberts' hotel.
SOUTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Feasterville, Tuesday, June 18, at E H Hogeland's Hotel.
WARWICK TOWNSHIP—Jamison, Wednesday, June 19, at Albert E. Ramsey's hotel.
WARMINSTER TOWNSHIP — Thursday, June 20, at Charles T Dager's Hotel
WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP—Frog Hollow, Friday, June 21, at Mahlon Keller's Hotel.
DOYLESTOWN TOWNSHIP—Turk, Saturday, June 22, at Samuel Leatherman's hotel.
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP—Centreville, Monday, June 24, at John R. Righter's hotel.
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP — Lahaska, Tuesday, June 25, at Edward Rorer's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP—Centre Bridge, Wednesday, June 26, at Charles Bowlby's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP — Carversville, Thursday, June 27, at James Bissey's hotel
NEW HOPE BOROUGH—Friday, June 28, at M. A VanHart's hotel.
NEW BRITAIN TOWNSHIP — Chalfont, Saturday, June 29, at Irwin Keller's Hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Mount Pleasant, Monday, July 1, at Hunsberger's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Blooming Glen, Tuesday, July 2, at Jos F. Gerhart's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Dublin, Wednesday, July 3, at Levi D. Yoder's store.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP — Gardenville, Friday, July 5, at Enos Weiss' hotel.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP—Plumsteadville, Saturday, July 6, at A. O. Myers hotel.
BEDMINSTER TOWNSHIP — Bedminsterville, Monday, July 8, at Edwin K. Beer's hotel.
BEDMINSTER—Pipersville, Tuesday, July 9, at E. M. Berkenstock's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Red Hill, Wednesday, July 10, at Thomas C. Harple's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Erwinna, Thursday, July 11, at Calvin O. Bryan's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP — Bucksville, Friday, July 12, at John H. Mickel's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP—Kintnersville, Saturday, July 13, at Franklin Adams' hotel.
BRIDGETON TOWNSHIP—Monday, July 15, at John E. Cochoran's hotel
DURHAM TOWNSHIP—Riegelsville, Tuesday, July 16, at Central Hotel.
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Bursonville, Wednesday, July 17, at Thomas Ochs's hotel.
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Pleasant Valley, Thursday, July 18, at H. Eisenhart's hotel.
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP—California, Friday, July 19, at C. F. Richards' hotel.
RICHLANDTOWN BOROUGH—Saturday, July 20, at Milton B. Kline's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP—Trumbauersville, Monday, July 22, at Samuel K. Hager's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP — Milford Square, Tuesday, July 23, at Menno Clemmer's hotel.
HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP — Applebachsville, Wednesday, July 24, at Reed Laubenstine's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—First Ward, Thursday, July 25, at P. K. Gable's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Second Ward, Friday, July 26, at H. K. Souder's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Third Ward, Saturday, July 27, at Milton D. Tice's hotel.
PERKASIE BOROUGH—Monday, July 29, at E. H. Myers' hotel.
TELFORD BOROUGH—Tuesday, July 30, at [illegible]
[illegible] TOWNSHIP—Schlichters, Wednesday, July 31, at S. S. Smith's hotel.
SELLERSVILLE BOROUGH — Thursday, August 1, at A. W. Reiff's hotel.
ROCKHILL TOWNSHIP—Benjamin, Friday, August 2, at H. K. Hunsberger's hotel.
DOYLESTOWN BOROUGH—At the Treasurer's office, Doylestown, Bucks county, until August 21, 1895.

Will be at the above named places from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M. Important correspondence to receive attention must be accompanied by postage for reply, and in all cases the district wherein the property is located must be definitely given. Communications with money for taxes will not be received at Treasurer's office after August 21.

Five per cent. added to State Tax not paid by August 1.

Five per cent. abatement on County Tax paid on or before August 21.

In pursuance to instructions received by me from the Auditor General, Storekeepers and others will please take notice, that all Mercantile Licenses not paid to me by July 1 will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace to be collected according to law. HENRY B. BANES,
April 25, 1895-6t. County Treasurer.

THE

Atlantic Monthly

For 1895

Will contain a new Serial, to run through twelve numbers, entitled

A SINGULAR LIFE,

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Studies in Great Literature; New Figures in Literature and Art.

Studies of men and women who are coming forward into public notice.

International Papers.

A series of articles treating of existing relations and historical passages between the United States and other countries.

Contemporaneous European Affairs.

Discussions of important questions and leaders of Europe.

Political History.

Such papers as Dr. Frederic Bancroft's discussion of Seward's Attitude toward Compromise and Secession.

Political and Industrial Questions.

Treating with special knowledge and impartiality topics of commanding interest in American political and industrial life.

Educaton.

Special regard will be paid to this subject in its varied forms.

An Announcement of Importance.

During 1895 Dr. John Fiske will furnish a series of historical papers entitled

Virginia and Her Neighbors.

TERMS: $4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant or Holmes, $5.00; each additional Portrait, $1.00.

Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money order draft or registered letter to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.,

4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Charles B. Keen & Co.

STOCK BROKERS,

36 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA

Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.

Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres. Band of North America
C. H. Banes, Pres. Market St. National Bank
H. M. Dechert, Pres. Commonwealth Trust Co.

WANTED—A FEW MORE BOOK AGENTS in this and adjoining Counties for

Our Journey Around the World.

A bran' new book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, Pres't of the United Soc. of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. ☞ Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn

COAL

Highest Grades of

FAMILY FLOUR

FEED, ETC.

—Wood, Lime and Brick,—

Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,

(Established 1837.)

Walter F. Leedom,

529 to 535 Bath St.,

BRISTOL, PA

MINSTER & BAKER,

(Successors to Strœble & Son.)

DEALERS IN

UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

COAL

WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

Office: Bath & Otter Sts.

☞ Orders received at E.W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

W. E. Doron,

Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,

BRISTOL, PA.

Best Lehigh

COAL

In the Market.

Lumber

By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

The Tariff On Watches

Remains the same. Watches are neither higher nor lower on account of the tariff, but we have recently purchased, for cash, a large stock of Ladies' and Gent's Gold, Silver and Gold-Filled Cases, more than we wish to carry in stock, at very much below the market price, which we offer at greatly reduced prices. They are fitted up with Waltham, Elgin and Rockford movement.

We also have a good stock of Gorham Sterling Silver and Rogers' Silver-Plated Ware.

A. E. BAYLIES,

307 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Decoration Day

Is almost here. My stock of White Roses, Geraniums and other suitable flowers for decoration is in the pink of perfection and inexhaustable. This week every purchaser of 25 cents worth of plants will receive an extra blooming plant. A dollar's purchase will entitle you to 25 cents worth of extra plants. Orders for boquets and cut flowers received now. I have enough to supply every demand.

J. T. DeWITT,

POND STREET,

Between Penn and Walnut.

Burton's ∴ Express.

Jobs of Hauling

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at the Telephone Office or GAZETTE Office will be attended to promptly.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Dr. C. H. DILTS,

—DENTIST,—

Has removed to—

221 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.

Will be at his former office

326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,

Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

The Humane Driving Bit.

TREAT THE FAMILY PET TO ONE.

Robt. Bonner says that if you try it you will use no other bit, for all kinds of horses. It will control the most vicious horse without punishment.

Extra fine sample, solid nickel jointed or stiff mouth. Tested and Warranted sent for $1.

HUMANE BIT CO., Dept. F., NEWARK, N.J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

Cholerine Mixture

is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.

Every family should have it in case of sudden attacks.

50c. a bottle —at— Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

C. J. PATTON,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCOLLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN," The same price and equally good in quality.

"DELICIOSOS," Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses, Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

Groceries

In Great Variety and CHEAP

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords.

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

Edward H. Foster,

The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,

DEALER IN

FINE ∴ GROCERIES!

FRUITS AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty

Goods Delivered Promptly.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

KASAR OF THE FOMOROH.

Death smitten by the light of the De Danann
Thou wert, Kasar.
Their glory grows and deepens, but not wholly
Outshines thy star.

Thy star is pale and shines through dark
clouds drifting.
The east wind cold
Blows on it, yet it darkens not, but quenches
De Danann gold.

O light of many tribes that dwelt in darkness,
Fierce and forlorn,
First star to light the hunters in the stormy
Fomorian morn,

First star beloved of men, first star forgotten,
O morning star,
Be near me, dusk or dawning; lead me sunward,
Kasar, Kasar.

—Nora Hopper.

AN ANSWER TO AN AD.

I was nearly 20 ere my father could afford to let me follow my bent, and I had not been at the London hospital quite a year when he died suddenly.

At once I found myself without money to pay the second installment of my fee, or to support me until such time as I could compete for a clinical clerkship or dresserships—in short, penniless.

The only bright spot in the dark days which followed my poor father's funeral was the sympathy of Paul Blake, a "medical" like myself, but as rackety as I was studious.

"If I had any money, Hillier," he said one morning, "or any property on which I could raise a loan, you should have it. I call it an awful shame that a hard working fellow like you should be 'grassed' for want of a few hundreds. Oh, if only some wealthy philanthropist knew you as well as I do, he'd surely help you over the stile for the sake of suffering humanity."

I let him run on, scarcely hearing what he uttered.

"There ought to be scores of such men about," he said presently, "if a follow only knew where to look for them. By Jove, if I could only come across one, I believe I could convince him that it's his absolute duty to give you a lift. Suppose we advertise? I'll do the interviewing. I've the gift of the gab—you'll admit that?"

"Yes," I said, bitterly I fear, "but a philanthropic pawnbroker willing to lend on my books and instruments would be of more use at the present moment. I owe my landlady $20, and I shall want $5 to take me back to Worcestershire."

"Now, about this advertisement," he went on. "I'm in earnest, and to prove it I mean to stand the ex'es." He reflected a moment, then took up a pen and scribbled a few lines on a scrap of paper, blotted the effusion on my pad and read it aloud with much apparent satisfaction:

A medical student, devoted to his profession, but unexpectedly left without means, is desirous of borrowing a sum that will enable him to obtain his diploma. He will pledge himself to repay the money, with interest, within five years of the date of the loan.

"There," he added, "if that doesn't put you on your feet, I'm a false prophet!"

"My dear Paul," I rejoined, "you mean well, and I thank you, but if you were to throw your money into the gutter it would do just as much good."

"My dear boy, I have a better opinion of my fellow men than you have, and a lot more faith in them. Just to convince you that the world is not so hard and cruel as you think I shall insert this advertisement and have the replies sent to my address. Come along. The least you can do is to walk with me as far as Fleet street."

I was absent some hours. On my return my long suffering landlady met me at the door.

"There's been a young person to see you, sir," she said.

"Indeed," I exclaimed in surprise, for Mrs. Roberts herself was my only female acquaintance in town. "Did she leave her name?"

"No, sir; she waited in your room half an hour. When she went, she said she didn't know whether she would be able to call again."

I was too distressed to question the patient woman as to the young person's appearance, and I had soon forgotten all about the matter. I saw no more of Paul that day, but he called next evening. When he laid three letters and a postcard on the table, I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Four answers," he said coolly. "I've brought the lot, though I might as well have left three of them at home."

The postcard bore just seven words, "Don't you wish you may get it?" One envelope contained a money lender's circular—a request for an inquiry fee; another a letter offering to lend $50,000 on the splendid security named—unmistakable chaff, this; the third, which Paul handed me last, contained the following epistle, dated from a west end library and written in the attenuated, pointed characters insisted upon at old style seminaries for young ladies:

Miss Marston would be glad if P. B. would send more particulars. Should the medical student be found deserving on inquiry, she would have no objection to finance him. But the terms must be fixed by herself.

He sat down at once and wrote—I have no idea what, for I refused to look—but two days afterward he brought me a further communication, dated from the same library:

Miss Marston has received Mr. Blake's letter, and she is quite satisfied that Mr. Andrew Hillier is a deserving young man. In consequence, she has opened an account at the London and Westminster bank and placed to his credit the sum of $2,000, which she hopes will be sufficient.

Miss Marston, not being a usurer, declines to make a profit of any one's necessities, but Mr. Hillier must undertake not to marry or become engaged until the loan has been repaid.

Further, he must pledge himself to fulfill a condition, not onerous, which Miss Marston would rather not name until Mr. Hillier has obtained his diploma.

"It can't—it can't be true, Paul!" I stammered.

For answer he produced another letter, an intimation from the bank that $2,000 was at my disposal. That convinced me. I believe I wept for joy. I know that I hugged Paul, danced around the room and otherwise acted like an idiot. Paul brought me back to sobriety by asking if I objected to the conditions.

"The first is rather awkward," I said. "There's Nell, you know?"

"But I don't know," he rejoined. "You have never mentioned her till now."

I told him of my hopes. Ellen Herbert was the dearest girl in the world, and the prettiest, and I had loved her since my schooldays. We were not engaged, but I knew that she believed in me, and I trusted that she would wait until I was in a position to ask her to be my wife.

"You must write to her," said Paul, "and tell her all about your luck. She'll understand when you mention the conditions. Miss Marston is a wise woman. If you married while a student, you might never be able to repay her.

"And, as for the condition which she hasn't named, I can see through that. When you have got your diploma, you'll have to attend her free of charge. What would be the use of mentioning it before you are able to practice—before she knows what you can do?"

It was useless to protest, so I let him run on, which he did for half an hour. When he had gone, I poured out my gratitude in a letter to my benefactress, accepting the conditions, known and unknown.

I also wrote to Nell. The same post brought me a letter from each.

Miss Marston wrote very briefly. She should watch my career with great interest, she said, and some day she would send me her address, so that I might call upon her. Nell congratulated me warmly, but did not allude to the conditions.

The next two years were the happiest I had ever known, save in one respect. I did not see half as much of Nell as I should have liked. But she remained just the same dear girl, and, so far as I know, she kept all my would be rivals at a distance.

Of my benefactress I heard nothing whatever, nor did Paul, but a terrible shock awaited me.

Two days after my name was entered in the books of the general council of medical education, etc., which means that I was a registered "M. D.," free to practice, I received a communication from her—brief, as usual. I read it with amazement—horror! Here it is:

Miss Marston is very pleased to learn that Mr. Andrew Hillier has obtained his diploma. She thinks the time has come to name the condition of her assistance. It is marriage. On receipt of Mr. Hillier's reply Miss Marston will arrange for an interview.

In my rage I tore the letter across. This, then, was the price of my diploma! Marriage with a woman I had never seen, whose age I did not know!

But I cooled down when its absurdity became apparent. Miss Marston was mad, of course. Some of my friends had steadfastly maintained that only a crazy woman would have lent money to a stranger on such terms.

I caught an express to Worcester, whence I drove to Woodbury, the village where I was born, and Nell's home.

I shall never forget our interview. Nell listened to my story and read the torn letter attentively. How I hated those pointed characters now!

"You must keep your word, Andrew," she said in a cold, matter of fact tone that roused my anger and indignation to boiling point.

"I can't, and I won't!" I cried. "I love you—you, Nell, and you know it! It's too absurd! The woman is a lunatic!"

"Hush," she interrupted, "you didn't say that when she lent you, a stranger, the money which has made you what you are."

"True," I answered in a choking voice, "but others did. I am very ungrateful to expect it perhaps. Still I didn't expect such cold counsel from you, Nell. I should have asked you long since to be engaged to me but for that confounded first condition."

"Pray do not forget that you are pledged to another," she rejoined.

"I'm not pledged," I shouted, "and if I am I'll break a thousand words before I'll marry any one but you! The whole thing is ridiculous! How is it that you can't see it?"

"I suppose," she answered slowly and gravely, 'it is because I have been brought up to consider my pledged word sacred. Perhaps if you were to see Miss Marston and explain she might let you off. If she will do so freely, then I might listen to you."

"You don't care a straw for me!" I burst out. "You never have cared for me. I'll go and interview the old crone!"

She laughed. At that moment I hated her. With her laughter ringing in my ears I rushed from the house.

On my return to town I wrote a brief note to the effect that I would be pleased to meet Miss Marston at any place she might appoint. Three days passed before I received her answer, but my disgust had not lessened.

I can scarcely explain my feelings, but I know I was convinced that death by drowning or by any of the more or less pleasant ways with which I, as a medical man, was acquainted, would be far more preferable than marriage with my ancient benefactress.

In this mood I was conducted up a broad staircase, along a corridor and ushered into the presence of—Nell!

"So you have come!" she said quite cheerfully. "I hardly expected you."

"You!" I cried. "You expected me! How is it you are here?"

She smiled.

"Andrew, didn't you know that my name was Ellen Marston Herbert?"

"Great heaven! Then it is you—you"—

"That you are pledged to marry."

"But, Nell," I said five minutes afterward, "I don't understand. How did you know the advertisement was from me?"

She took an envelope from her pocket, and from that a piece of blotting paper. There was a mirror over the fireplace, and she held the blotting paper so that I could read the words it bore. I saw Paul Blake's effusion—the advertisement itself!

[illegible] for you assistance, which I feared your pride would not let you accept. While waiting in your rooms I took up your blotting pad. I dare say you will think me very inquisitive, but, having read so much, I could not resist the temptation to try and decipher the rest. By the help of your mirror I did it. Next day I looked through the morning papers, and you know what followed."

We were married three months afterward. Paul Blake was my "best man."

Those Canals on Mars.

What magnificent imaginations have our astronomers! They should be the happiest of mortals. A vivid imagination is a blessing second to none. I wish I could imagine as finely, as deeply, as highly, as thoroughly, as Flammarion and Schiaparelli. But if that were possible it would not make me happy to imagine canals on Mars. That would put Mars too far back in advancement. Canals are too ancient. They have had their day. I should like to imagine Mars with electric railroads or flying machines. Canals are too slow. If the canals are used for purposes of irrigation then Mars is unfit for decent people to inhabit. The whole country must be as dry as tinder, for the whole of it is irrigated, if this theory be correct. If there are no railroads on Mars, there can be but little civilization. The railroad is the greatest of civilizers. No country ever was civilized with a canal.—New York Press.

As Hard as the Diamond.

The diamond has always been regarded as possessing one quality which placed it beyond rivalry—namely, that of hardness. There are several gems which compete with it in beauty, and at least one, the ruby, when of rare size and quality, outranks it in costliness. But none in the whole list equals it in hardness.

"Diamond cut diamond" has become a popular saying. The hardest steel cannot equal the diamond in that respect. The diamond, says a recent authorative text-book of chemistry, "is the hardest form of matter known."

But science progresses, and if nature has set aside for her king of gems the distinction of unparalleled hardness the art of man has not been equally considerate. There are at least two products of chemical experiment which have proved, according to the great French chemist, Henri Moissan, to be as hard as diamonds.

These are produced from the rare metal titanium. M. Moissan has succeeded in preparing titanium in the electric furnace. In the pure form it is harder than steel or quartz, and when combined with silicon or boron, so as to form a silicide or boride of titanium, it matches the diamond itself in hardness.

Titanium resembles tin in its chemical properties, and it is the characteristic element in the beautiful red and brown crystals of rutile. These, in the shape of needles, are sometimes found penetrating large white quartz crystals, forming gems that the French call "love's arrows."—Youth's Companion.

He Got the Gobs.

A story is told of a Cincinnati wholesale grocery porter who got fooled on an order in the daybook of the entry clerk. Some one wanted two dozen goblets. His order was for provisions, groceries, crockery and glassware. The entry clerk, when he came to the goblets, wrote it up "2 doz. gobs." The porter fills a dual capacity in the store; also acting as purchasing agent. He glanced over the morning's orders and started out on his buying expedition. He was gone so long that everybody about the store was wondering as to his whereabouts. He finally turned up, bringing with him two dozen live turkeys. Going up to the entry clerk, Henry—for that is the porter's name—said: "There, just look at dem. Dore fine ones, ain't it?"

"What in the dickens are you doing with all those 'turks?'" the entry clerk asked in amazement.

"Vy, dose are the best I could find on dat order."

"What order?"

"Vy, dis von dat calls for two dozen gobblers."—Troy Times.

CLUB FOR JILTED MEN.

A Prosperous Concern Whose Members Have All Got the Mitten.

I accepted an invitation the other day to dine with a friend at a club that he assured me was unlike, in some respects, any other club in the world, says a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. We went to Twenty-ninth street and entered a building that was not materially different in appearance from 1,000 other houses in town that are used as residences by the well to do. The menu cards and the servants' buttons were marked by a neat monogram of the letters "J. C." My companion settled himself in an easy chair and proceeded to explain.

"This club," he said, "owes existence to the whim of a very rich man who has hardly turned 30 years. He was engaged. The lady was wealthy, well connected and moved in the same social circles that he did. He was rich enough to satisfy any reasonable woman. Moreover, his character was beyond reproach. Perhaps he was a little cold in his wooing. I don't know. He did not know what defeat meant. Perhaps he unconsciously took it for granted that any woman must find him all sufficient, and that it would be unnecessary, even unbecoming, to ply the ordinary lover's arts that are generally believe to be so fetching with the fair sex. At all events, the young lady one day gave him to plainly understand that he wouldn't do. She returned his presents—I don't suppose he had ever written her a love letter, so she couldn't return any burning literature—and told him to apply elsewhere for a wife. Considerably stunned, he could only exclaim: "Jilted! Jilted!" He bought this house at first simply with the idea of living in it, but one day he chanced across a friend who had had a similar experience with the fair sex, and after comparing notes they decided to live together, to pursue the same line of campaign in society—that is, to make themselves as interesting as possible to women, but never on any provocation to marry. Before long they heard of another acquaintance whose engagement had been broken by the lady, and they took him in. So, little by little, the affair has grown to its present proportions, a small but select and contented club."

"And the initials J. C. mean, the"—

"Jilted club; exactly. Every member must have been jilted, and every member is supposed to enter society freely and play for hearts—to take them, but never to surrender his own. In the event of his getting entangled and entering upon a new engagement his membership lapses at once."

FIN DE SIECLE ART.

Raffaelli Defines the Aims and Purposes of the Impressionists.

As for myself, I have abandoned my word "Characterism." It is enough for me that the thing exists. It is enough for me that the whole artistic movement of our time is going the same road, pursuing the same end—the search for what is characteristic. Let them call us impressionists if they wish—a name that never meant anything for anybody, and certainly never meant anything for us—but let us be characterists—that is to say, artists who employ their intelligence and their talent in lifting up to beauty all men and all nature and thus aid in establishing upon our planet a noble equality among men, that altruism, in fact, which will be, for the highest among us as for the lowest, the source of that more perfect happiness toward which all that is noble in us forever aspires.

Impressionism has been a return to nature, a movement which has allowed to each artist the complete development of his temperament and of his individuality. And in our essentially individualistic epoch, individuality is a dominating force in art.

Impressionism is, if one may say so, a school open to all, which every one can enter without the last lowering of his flag. It is a school where each is his own master. Impressionism represents the complete development of each artistic temperament, the study of all the aspects of nature and an absolute liberty in the choice of the means of expression, which are for us simply means for saying what we have to say, and never an end in themselves.—Jean Francois Raffaelli in Scribner's.

His New Hat.

A distinguished preacher, of somewhat arbitrary manners, was engaged to preach in Belgravia, and purchased a new hat for the occasion. He was met outside his residence by a young man, who was to guide him to the church. His guide, after what the parson thought a rude stare and smile, said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but your hat"—

"Oh, yes, never mind the hat, but mind your own business," the parson interrupted curtly, and the young man was silenced. The people they met stared and smiled too.

"Strange, how many people notice when one has got a new hat," thought the parson. The church was reached, and the worshipers approaching naturally turned to observe the noted preacher.

The vicar met him at the vestry door to welcome him, but hesitating said, "Pardon me, canon, but pray why do you wear your hat so?"

The tile was doffed, and the outside found to be still covered with white paper, which the absentminded divine had not removed.—Pearson's Weekly.

Through No Fault of Tommy.

"Maw," asked the little boy, "do you spell napkin with a 'k?'"

"Certainly not. Only knapsack."

And that is how it was that Tommy's aunt received a letter from him, in which he made mention of a "napcin."—Indianapolis Journal.

Iodine was discovered in 1812 by Courtois. It is found in several marine plants and extracted by a simple process. Its use in medicine is said to date from about 1825, when it was first employed in the hospitals of London and Paris.

The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"I had scrofula in a very painful and disagreeable form. I had three running sores on one of my limbs. I saw that Hood's Sarsaparilla had cured a similar case and determined to try it. I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla and am completely cured." JOHN RUSSELL, Espyville Station, Pennsylvania.

Get HOOD'S

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

A VETERAN'S STORY.

Gen. Catlin Praises Munyon for His Great Work.

His Restoration to Health Due to the Wonderful Little Sugar Pellets.

General A. B. Catlin, formerly Deputy Surveyor of the port of New York, is a veteran of the army and a well-known Republican politician.

"I have been troubled with catarrh for many years," said General Catlin. "I doctored for it a good deal, but did not obtain any material relief, and this winter my condition was terrible. I took cold easily, and my nose became stopped up I had severe pains across the front of my head, my eyes became watery, I sneezed a great deal, and my bones and joints ached continually When I got up in the morning my throat was filled with a nasty slime, which dropped there during the night. I had to hawk a great deal, and this made me gag and often vomit. There was a roaring or buzzing sound in my ears, and my breath was very offensive. I lost my appetite, ran down in weight, and became depressed in spirits.

"I tried thoroughly several of the best physicians, so-called, in New York, took patent nostrums of all descriptions, but grew worse all the time.

"Finally, I began Munyon's Catarrh Remedies. I thought it was no use, and had but little faith, but I began to improve right away. My disease rapidly yielded to the remedy, and I underwent a change that was wonderful. Within a short time I was entirely cured, the last trace of the hideous disease had vanished, and to-day my friends are marveling at the great change in me. It is a wonderful relief to feel strong and healthy again, and it gives me great pleasure to testify that my restoration to health is due to Munyon's Catarrh Remedy."

Munyon's Homœpathic Home Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle

Those who are in doubt as to the nature of their disease should address Professor Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, giving full symptoms of their disease. Professor Munyon will carefully diagnose the case and give you the benefit of his advice absolutely free of all charge. The Remedies will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price.

OUR SIXTY THOUSAND TRAMPS.

Professor McCook Says They Are Healthier Than Any Other Class.

Professor John J. McCook of Trinity college, in a recent lecture in New Haven on "The Pathological Aspect of the Tramp Problem," gave the following interesting facts about the knights of the road:

"New Jersey was the first state to pass a law punishing the professional tramp and at the same time to define what he was. This was in 1876. Rhode Island was the next, and Connecticut came third. A recent writer asserts that there are about 60,000 tramps in the United States. This number is a trifle large, although it is safe to say that there are over 40,000. This is larger than the army of Wellington at Waterloo. We look on tramps as human wrecks and driftwood, and yet the majority of them are in the prime of life and in better than the average health. Only 8½ per cent of the tramps with whom my statistics were gleaned claimed in the dead of winter, when the grip was raging, they were in bad health. They are robust and will fill you with envy, malice and all other jealous feelings when you hear them snoring at midnight.

"Eighty-one per cent of tramps declare that they took to the road because they were out of a job, and only one man because machinery took his place. Over 60 per cent of the English tramps are given as taking the road because of vagrant habits. The majority of our tramps are of American birth, 65 per cent of 1,342 being of American parentage, and 272 Irish, who come next. Over 100 out of 1,738 tramps could read and write, and they all spend money on the daily newspapers. But of [illegible] are married, and 84 have children. Thirty-eight per cent say that they work for their food, 24 per cent beg it and 56 per cent that they steal it. Over 400 sleep at cheap lodging houses and nearly 300 in police headquarters. About 100 sleep in boxes."

ENGLISH LAWYERS' EARNINGS.

Some Men of the Highest Attainments Do Not Make $250 a Year.

How much do successful barristers make in a year? Some particulars given in the London Home throw some light on the question. It is commonly said that Sir Charles Russell never made less than £20,000 or £25,000 per annum for many years preceding his promotion. Large as his income was, there were half a dozen men at the bar running it very close.

Both Sir Richard Webster and Sir Edward Clarke are making fully £20,000 a year, and men like Mr. R. B. Finlay, Sir Henry James, Mr. J. T. Murphy, Mr. Lawson Walton, Mr. Fielding Dickens, Mr. W. Willis, Mr. Cozens Hardy, Mr. Graham Hastings, and others, are credited with almost equally large earnings. But most Q. C.'s are, of course, very much less fortunate.

There are large and small incomes also among the members of the junior bar. Men like Mr. English Harrison and Mr. R. M. Bray are, the writer of the article says, kept actively engaged with good and remunerative work, bringing in from £1,000 to £5,000 a year, but probably half of the men at the junior bar are not making £150 a year, while many men of the highest attainments are not making and have not made for years past £50 a year

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

KEYSER, N. C

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—When about three years old I was taken with mumps, also had fever, finally I had that dreaded disease Scrofula. The most eminent physicians in this section treated me to no avail. I had running scrofulous sores on left side of neck and face. I was small and weakly when eight or nine years old, and in fact was nearly a skeleton. Six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery wrought marvelous changes. Although the sores were healed in eight months, I did not quit taking it until I was sure it had been entirely routed from my system. The only signs left of the dreadful disease are the scars which ever remind me of how near death's door I was until rescued by the "Discovery." I am now eighteen years old and weigh 148 pounds; and have not been sick in five years.

Yours respectfully,
HARVEY M. HLLEMAN,
Agt. for Seaboard Air Line.

For constipation and headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by Serrill Douglass.

Miscellaneous

Have You Read The Philadelphia TIMES This Morning?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper. Specimen copies of any edition will be sent free to any one sending their address

TERMS—DAILY, $8 00 per annum; $1.00 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week SUNDAY EDITION, twenty-four large, handsome pages—168 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 00 per annum; 5 cents per copy, Daily and Sunday, $5.00 per annum; 50 cents per month.

WEEKLY EDITION, 50 cents a year.

Address all letters to

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Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

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Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price, $6.00 per year.

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Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.

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Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.
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Only 25c PER DOZEN
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THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

Send a cabinet or card picture and I will make you one dozen small photographs, handsomely finished, for 25 cents, and return your photograph.

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PHOTOGRAPHER,
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No strain on buttons.
Waistband is never pulled up.
No baggy pants.
No dragging down on shoulders.
No straps in view in full dress.
Trousers not pulled up away from shoe when sitting.
Cables preserved from wear.
Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

Wear Them Once
And you will put a pair on each pair of Trousers.

By mail, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50, and $2, postpaid

Scientific Suspender Co.,
Lim., Buffalo, N. Y.
(Formerly Battle Creek, Mich.)

DO YOUR SHOES FIT?

There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W. BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices, repairing promptly done.

All shoes that I sell I warrant, and if they rip they will be sewed without cost to the buyer Misses and Children's Russet Shoes a specialty.

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Miscellaneous

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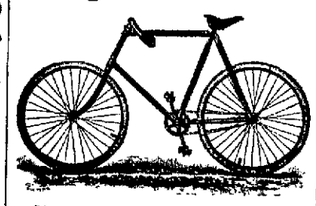

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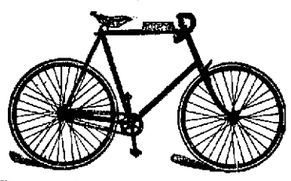

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Miscellaneous

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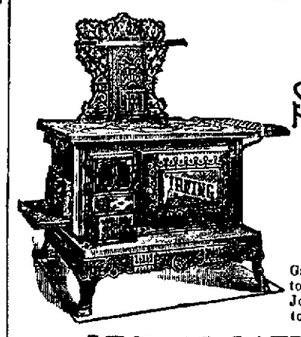

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Lost Purse.

Mme Daurel stopped in front of the postoffice. Her right hand held up her skirts. She released them with a sudden movement and thrust her hand into her muff, which she held in her left hand. At the same moment she uttered a cry of surprise. The little purse that she always carried in her muff was no longer there. A few feet away from her there stood a man of about 50 years of age, clean shaven, stout, well dressed. He was looking at her attentively. Then he suddenly came toward her, and with a polite bow and an evil smile he said:

"Madam, I live near by in the Rue de la Michodiere, No. 60. M. Chouinot; man of business If you desire to have news regarding the purse you have been so unfortunate as to lose, I can furnish it to you."

M. Chouinot was a fine specimen of a rascal. It must be confessed life was difficult for him. He had endeavored to make a success of several enterprises, but every time just as the longed for end was in view an obstacle had risen up and overwhelmed him That obstacle was justice.

The clients whom he had attempted to dupe had made complaints to the police, and the police had started investigations which had finally brought M. Chouinot face to face with the superintendent of police, the judge on the bench and then the prison of Mazas. Happily he had so far been able to avoid long terms of imprisonment, which was something, but he had been obliged in every case to disgorge his gains and restore to their rightful owners the sums of money that had been confided by them to his care. In short, he had so far been successful only in putting to one side his scruples.

That day he was walking behind Mme. Daurel. Was he looking at her? It is probable that he was, for Mme. Daurel deserved it. Rarely has a more charming woman been seen.

That she had the appearance of the smart woman, a supple and graceful figure, beautifully proportioned, could be seen from her back. In front it was seen that she had a lovely face, dark ardent eyes, an adorably chiseled nose, a fine mouth, and besides these an infinite and subtle charm that was indefinable. She was a woman no man could help looking at.

So, as has been said already, M. Chouinot was walking behind Mme. Daurel. Suddenly he saw that she had dropped something on the pavement. He was about to call her attention to the fact when an idea presented itself to his mind.

"Never trust a first impulse," thought he.

No one happened to be passing at the moment. Why should he not take possession of the article provided it was worth the trouble?

M. Chouinot opened the purse, for it was a purse that Mme. Daurel had let fall, a mignon little purse with her name on it in neat silver letters. It contained a 50 franc bank note, several scraps of paper and a letter in an envelope ready to be posted.

M. Chouinot rapidly looked over the pieces of paper. They were letters that showed signs of having been read and reread many times. They were almost in pieces, and all bore the same signature, Henri. The letter in the envelope was addressed to M. Henri de Prejailles. So the owner of the purse was answering love letters!

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed M. Chouinot to himself. Then he found some cards bearing the name, ' Mme. Andre Daurel," and M. Chouinot commenced to think deeply. "Mme. Daurel to a male friend. Henri de Prejailles. Excellent affair!"

Without a tremor he opened the envelope, and taking out the letter began to read. "It remains to be seen now whether Mme. Andre Daurel is rich," said M. Chouinot to himself. "In any case it will be sufficient if her friend is. Henri de Prejailles sounds well. I will find this out as quickly as possible."

I kept following Mme. Daurel. M. Chouinot saw her stop in front of the postoffice, he stopped also. It was the decisive moment.

"She wants to post her letter now and discovers that her pocketbook is lost," continued M. Chouinot in monologue. "I will approach her very politely and beg her to come to my office for news of the lost article. There I shall tell her my conditions!"

M. Chouinot's deductions were perfectly accurate. Is it necessary to say that when Mme. Daurel heard M Chouinot address her she turned in surprise, which rapidly changed to confusion and terror and left her without a word to reply?

As soon as she recovered her self possession M. Chouinot, who had turned upon his heel as soon as his little speech was concluded, was already disappearing down the street.

Thus she found herself at the mercy of this man. Doubtless he had opened the pocketbook, had read her letters and now would only restore them to her in return for a large reward. Mme. Daurel faced the situation.

"There is no use hesitating," she thought. "I must go to this man."

And she went.

M. Chouinot was waiting for her, and as soon as she had made known her name she was introduced into the private office of the man of business. M. Chouinot rose to meet her and bowed.

"Here is your pocketbook, madam," he said to her, holding out the article he had picked up shortly before on the pavement.

Mme. Daurel, a little surprised, was about to thank him warmly when he began:

"I hand you back your pocketbook, but honesty compels me to state that it does not return to you intact. It still contains, indeed, the note for 50 francs, because money is always sacred. You will also find there your visiting cards. But I thought it was imprudent of you to keep your letters there. An indiscretion is so easily committed. Therefore I will take care of them—oh, the utmost care, I assure you!"

Mme. Daurel understood. The man had laid a trap for her, and she had tumbled into it.

"Monsieur," she stammered, "the pocketbook you have picked up is my property You have no right to keep it, whatever it may contain."

"You think so, madame?"

"I can go to the police, and they will force you to give me back those letters."

"And I can go to the police and tell them that I picked up nothing; that I know nothing of any pocketbook, and that I, M. Chouinot, a business man, am above all suspicion of such things."

Mme. Daurel did not insist on this point.

"But," she said, "why do you keep those letters? They have no interest for you. I assure you"—

"Ta, ta, ta! Letters of that sort, madame, I assure you, are very nice to keep. M. Henri de Prejailles writes most interestingly, and your own style, madame, is delightful."

Mme. Daurel flushed. She had loosened for a brief second her grasp on the pocketbook, and that little moment of negligence was going to cost her dearly.

"You forget, madame," continued M. Chouinot, "that everybody who recovers a lost article is entitled to a reward."

"I am prepared to give it you, monsieur."

"Agreed. But there are rewards and rewards. I think the correspondence of Mme. Daurel and Henri de Prejailles is worth a good price."

"Oh, monsieur"—

"A very high price, I repeat, madame. For 20,000 francs I will return you your letters. Otherwise I will give them to your husband."

Mme. Daurel became furious.

"But it is a swindle!" she shrieked.

"That is a nasty word for such an exquisite mouth."

"Wretch!"

And Mme. Daurel threw one of her cards in the face of M. Chouinot. The man of business remained calm and said:

"A second card is useless. I have already taken one. Twenty thousand francs, I repeat. M. Daurel is a builder and is rich Twenty thousand francs is nothing to him!"

This was said quietly and with calm cynicism.

After her anger a reaction had followed, and Mme. Daurel grew quiet. She was frightened now, panting and overwhelmed. She sank down on a chair, with her eyes on the ground, listening to this man as if she was being sentenced to death.

Then there was a silence, and Mme. Daurel rose and walked toward the door. M. Chouinot did not move or say a word. The unhappy woman went out, pale and trembling, with sobs in her throat that suffocated her.

What was she going to do?

That was what M. Chouinot wanted to know.

Several hours later she would return. Probably she would try to bargain with him for 15,000 or 10,000 francs. But he, M. Chouinot, would remain unalterable—20,000 francs.

And then Mme. Daurel would spread out on the table, not without regrets, 20 bank notes of 1,000 francs each.

At the thought of this M. Chouinot rubbed his hands.

"Oh, beautiful scheme! Twenty thousand francs for merely picking up a pocketbook!"

But the hours passed, and Mme. Daurel did not return. Probably she needed more time to get the money. Meanwhile M. Chouinot sang to himself while he waited. Presently an employee of the office came in.

"Monsieur, there is some one asking for you outside."

"The woman, no doubt?"

"No, sir; it is a gentleman!"

"A gentleman? Show him in."

The visitor came into the office.

"Monsieur," he said, looking M. Chouinot in the eye, "I am M. Henri de Prejailles!"

The man of business took a step backward.

"Oh, do not be afraid. I have no intention of administering to you the thrashing you so richly deserve. It gives me pleasure, however, to say that you are an infamous villain. Having said this, I ask you now to follow me "

"Monsieur!" M. Chouinot moved farther and farther away.

Henri de Prejailles took a pistol out of his pocket and put the end of it under M. Chouinot's nose.

"Will you follow me?"

"I will follow you, monsieur, but remember one thing—that your letters are in a safe place, and that you cannot force me to give them up, and"—

"Exactly. Meanwhile walk in front of me, and not a word, or I will shoot you like a dog!"

Below a carriage was in attendance, and M. Chouinot got in. Henri de Prejailles took the seat next him

"Coachman, drive to Rue Rembrandt, No. 34, the house of M. Andre Daurel!"

M Chouinot trembled, but said nothing There M. de Prejailles said to his companion as he opened the door:

"Monsieur, you may get out. The moment to execute your threat has arrived. Take my letters to M. Andre Daurel!"

M Chouinot sprang out. He could hardly believe his ears What was going to happen next?

At the door stood a servant, dressed in black, with a white tie. M. Chouinot went toward him.

"M. Andre Daurel?" he asked.

"What, monsieur," said the servant, "you have not heard?"

"What?"

"M. Andre Daurel died this afternoon!"

M. Chouinot was fairly stunned.

"Oh," he groaned, "I have no luck at all!"

He was about to walk away, when Henri de Prejailles stepped out of the carriage and held him back.

"You see," he said, "that good fortune does not always come to villains of your sort. You have stolen. We will go to your office to fetch them, and whatever you do do not keep us waiting."

Poor M. Chouinot! What could he do? He went into his office with Henri de Prejailles at his heels. He took the letters out of a secret safe. M. Henri took them and placed them in his pocket.

"Now, M. Chouinot," he said, "I will tell you that M. Daurel never felt better in his life. He is alive and well. The servant at the door was my own valet. Twenty francs did the trick. You see, the 20,000 francs you spoke of seemed a pretty high price compared to that."

And as M. Chouinot raised his arms to heaven in utter despair he added:

"For the rest there is always a bullet in this plaything at your pleasure."

And he showed him his revolver.—From the French.

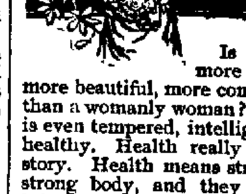
An Unpleasant Jingle.

"I don't like hash," remarked the musical boarder at breakfast. "It is not rhythmical."

"Maybe not," replied the landlady as her eyes emitted a baleful fire, "but you will always find one word to rhyme with it, and that word is cash."—New York Tribune.

Rubinstein a Methodical Worker.

Rubinstein was never idle. He could not remain so half an hour. From the moment he rose till the moment he retired he was doing something. When not traveling, he had his day's work mapped out with methodical regularity. From just such an hour till just such another he might be found day after day at the same occupation. After this fashion he was able to accomplish in his lifetime what was really the work of three men, and he never tired of preaching this regularity of work to young artists and students —Alexander McArthur in Century.



Is there anything more wholesome, more beautiful, more completely pleasing than a womanly woman? Such a woman is even tempered, intelligent, strong and healthy. Health really tells the whole story. Health means strong nerves and strong body, and they go far toward bringing good looks and amiability.

A woman worn and wearied by the dragging weaknesses peculiar to her sex, cannot be expected to find zest in any duty or amusement. Life is all one dead monotonous gloom to her. On her face is written the story of weakness and pain. The wholesomeness of health is lacking. The cheeks lack fullness, the eyes lack sparkle, the hair lacks luster.

Doctors have learned to locate nine-tenths of womanly sickness in the organs that ought above all others to be strong and healthy.

Sensitive women shudder at the thought of consulting a physician on such matters. A natural feeling of modesty makes them dread the examination, and subsequent stereotyped treatment by "local applications" on which most doctors insist.

Much more often than not, this is unnecessary. It should not be submitted to except as a last resort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of severe cases of "female weakness." It works in a natural, sensible way. It begins by subduing the inflammation that is always present. Then it strengthens and invigorates the whole body, particularly the organs distinctly feminine. It promotes regularity, cures inflammation and ulceration, and stops the debilitating drain caused by them. Of all dealers.

WOLVES AND BULLS.

AN INCIDENT OF AN OVERLAND WINTER TRIP IN COLORADO.

Strategy of Seven Big Gray Wolves In Search of a Cow Dinner—The Tide of Battle Turned by the Timely Arrival of the Texas Bull.

"We pulled out from Hermosina among the foothills at 9 o'clock in the morning on a clear, cold February day," said Albert Bragdon, just returned from wintering in Colorado. "The wind blew strong and stiff across the heavy snowfall left on the ground after the blizzard storms. The gulches were packed full of snow, and we turned from the road time and again to circle around some large drift. I was the only passenger, and I sat beside Hank Benedict, the overland driver, now reduced in these railroad days from his high seat on the box to the tooling of a pair of horses over the dashboard of a buckboard on a star route mail line. We were protected from cold by heavy overcoats, caps that pulled down over the ears, mufflers about the neck and thick fur lined gloves. An hour after noon we came to a little stage and freighting station whose leading feature was a large saloon and small hotel combined. Here we had a chance to get warm and to eat a dinner of fried beef, bacon and coffee, which went not badly in the hunger that followed our cold morning's ride.

"Off again in a half hour through a country more open, where drifts were the exception. Hank Benedict had taken a drink or two at the stage station, and he was more sociable than he had been during the morning's drive. He talked of old overland experiences and then of the snowstorm, which led to the topic of the plague of wolves which had come to devour the ranchmen's stock.

"'I've heard 'em howling whenever I've been driving after dark for the last month,' said Hank. 'They're getting sassier and sassier. They've crossed the trail just in front of me time and again, and I expect any time a band of 'em may take a notion to hold me up. There's one of the murdering brutes now.' And he pointed to a gray timber wolf sneaking along parallel to our course 150 yards away.

"'There's a winchester in the buckboard behind you that I've taken along with me every trip since the last snowfall. You can try a shot at him if you want to '

"I got out of the buckboard and took the winchester rifle from the bottom, where it lay wrapped in a rubber blanket. It was cold and frosty to handle, but I was glad of a chance to stretch my limbs and try what I could do at long range. At each of my first two shots the animal dodged and then looked around as if wondering what was up. The third shot knocked the snow about him and quickened his pace. I fired two more shots as he ran, and the sixth time the hammer fell on an empty barrel. There were no more cartridges in the magazine.

"There was no more ammunition along, and I put the rifle back with the promise to Hank to buy him a box of cartridges at Battensberg. We would have liked very much to have the cartridges with us a few minutes later, when, on turning the slope of a hill, we saw a strange and thrilling sight. Within rifle shot to one side seven gray wolves were attacking two cows, one a long horned Texan, the other a graded heifer almost grown. The cattle when first we saw them were running away, but they were quickly overhauled. They turned at bay to face the wolves and began a fight which must be fought to a finish, with their lives as the stake. The cows kept together, wheeling to meet the wolves with their horns, as an attack was threatened from one side or the other. The wolves didn't like the looks of the Texan's horns and the alert way she handled them, and they devoted their principal attention to trying to separate the heifer from her. They worked in concert very cunningly to do this. While one or two made feints of attacking the old cow, so as to induce her to chase them, the others kept about the heifer, three of them drawing her attention in front, while two kept in the rear waiting for a chance to spring at her gambrels and hamstring her. But the wary cow was not to be tempted so far away that she could not return in time to drive away the wolves at the heifer's flank before they began their work. The ultimate chances of the battle seemed to be against the cattle, for the wolves, all the time closing in upon them, were growing bolder and attacked more fiercely.

"But there came a timely diversion in aid of the cattle. A bellowing from among some pinon clumps a quarter of a mile away was followed by the appearance of a large bull which came running toward the combatants. He was of the polled Angus breed, and his hornless head did not seem quite to meet the case of wolves, but he was big and full of fight. He put himself at once in front of the cows and charged determinedly upon the wolves, which fell back a little before him; but, fully aware that he had no horns to toss them, they gave no more ground than they had to and returned to close in about the group of cattle, still trying to cut out the heifer, which all the time was their real object of attack.

"So absorbed was I in the battle that I did not notice the coming of a fourth combatant upon the scene until I heard Hank's exclamation:

"'Ah, we'll see business begin now! There's the fellow that'll scatter 'em.'

"From the same direction that the bull had come another bull was coming to the rescue. He was a wiry animal, less massively built than the polled Angus bull, and his long, sharp horns, projecting well to the front of his head, showed his Texan origin. He wasted no time in pawing or bellowing, but dashed upon three of the wolves ranged in front of the heifer, and before they could all get out of the way he had caught one with his horns and tossed it in the air. The wolf came to the ground upon his back, and before it could turn the bull was upon it again, thrusting his horns through the creature's body and pinning it to the earth. Then with an angry toss of the head he flung the carcass away. That was enough for the wolves, who turned and ran as he successively charged them, and they were surveying the cattle from a long distance away as we drove from the scene of a fight that had delayed the United States mail three-quarters of an hour.—New York Sun.

A Translation.

A Paris physician who was summoned the other day to attend a sick child left directions which a neighboring French druggist had translated for the benefit of the English nurse in charge of the child. These are the directions, with the English intended in parenthesis: 1. To distend the children of other children. (To isolate the baby from her sister). 2. Not many flower in the eat and not give him that milk prepared. (Suppress farinaceous food and also the milk as hitherto prepared). 3. Before the col of children une eponge warm. (Apply a hot sponge to the child's throat). 4. Everybody that have occupation of children wild vhach the hands in liquor of Van Swieten. (Every person coming in contact with the child to wash his hands in Van Swieten's solution). 5. All the linen deteriored shall be whach in solution before londres. (All soiled linen to be washed in the solution before being sent to the laundress).—New York Tribune.

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Miscellaneous

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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1895.

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Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a story of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

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During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanly J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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Miscellaneous

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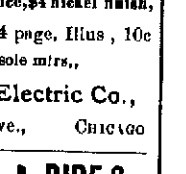

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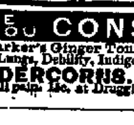

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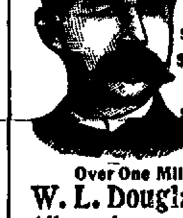

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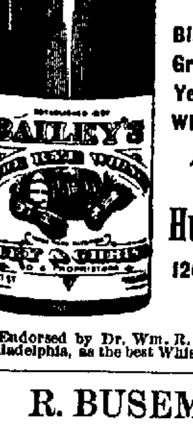

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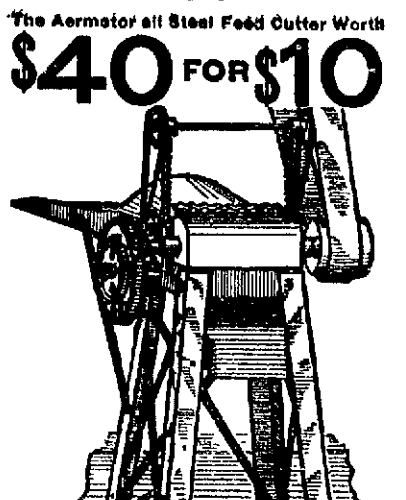

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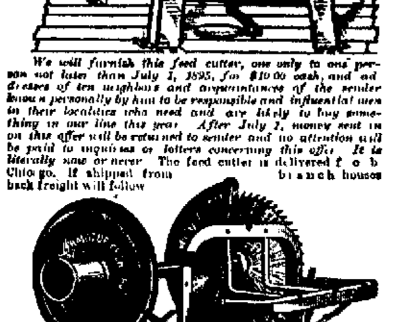

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